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VICTORY!

THE POET'S WIFE.

Yes, John, I'm prosaic and stupid:
My beauty is gone and my grace.
Don't deny that you secretly think so,
I discover it in your face.
You wonder, perhaps, what has changed me:
Shall I tell? I'm by no means afraid
To treat vital subjects with candor,
And to call, John, a spade a spade.

You are wearied already. Confess it.
Do you fancy that face to be
A flesh-and-blood hieroglyphic
With an uninvented key?
Do think its least shade of expression
My eyes can not read when they choose?
You are burning now to ignore me, John,
For a *tête-à-tête* with the muse.

Of late can I ever address you,
Though I borrow the voice of a dove,
Without the distracting reception—
"Did you happen to speak, my love?"
And your answer means always the same, John,
While you hurry it absently through:
"I must catch the next boat for Dreamland;
It will start in a moment or two."

"Mistaken?" You *know* that I utter
The truth. "Will I kiss and be friends?"
Not at all; don't imagine one smile, John,
Sufficient to make *me* amends.
You consider these charges mere trifles,
Just deserving a smile and no more:
Which is worse than to fly in a passion and swear,
Like the pale lady's husband next door.

Leave hold of my hand. I'm *not* crying;
And if even I were, John, what then?
Would my tears not prove you had acted
Like the cruelest-hearted of men?
"Forgive you this once?" Will you promise
Hereafter, John, not to lose
All regard for your wife's existence
In those *tête-à-têtes* with the muse?

Now and then, John, my thoughts glide backward,
As sad thoughts will often glide,
To the first rosy days of our marriage,
While yet we were bridegroom and bride;
When I fancied each poem you read me
Was a new-written passport to Fame,
Where lived not a critic so churlish
But would *viser* it when you came.

How I laureled you then in my dreams, John,
And hewed you a niche far above
The greatest of all the world's great ones
With my magic chisel of love!
How proudly I heard while you spoke, too,
Of the epic that was to be,
The marvelous embryo epic, John,
With its heroine copied from me!

So faultlessly each with the other
Our moods like our lives, then, were wed,
That they rhymed as two melodic verses
Of one golden couplet, *you* said;
And it seemed, when I thought of the future,
As if by the same pleasant way
We should walk arm and arm into glory
And be famous together some day.

For the loss of those honey-moon moments
It may be *I* am half to blame—
Have perhaps in the mother forgotten
The Bride, since our little ones came;
Yet believe me this new love but strengthens
Wifely faith to the old marriage-vows,
Though poetry never nursed babies, John,
And sentiment can not keep house.

And if only you promise—embrace me
When you have promised, John, not now
That the Poet shall deign in the future
The Husband's just rights to allow,
Who knows but our present may blossom
With our halcyon past's lovely hues,
And the *tête-à-têtes* with your wife, John,
Be happy as those with your muse?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 14, 1868.

GENERAL GRANT AND PEACE.

SOME of the papers have been speculating upon the probable consequences of General Grant's election upon the Republican party. They are of opinion that in the event of his election he will soon be as soundly denounced as he is now warmly extolled, and that he will presently be as inextricably involved with Congress as President Johnson has been during his term. This seems to be a resolute borrowing of trouble, which is as amusing as it is unnecessary. We may all be sure that if General Grant takes the Presidential oath he will make good his aspiration, and that of every loyal man, that there shall be peace. He will keep the peace every where, not by putting one class of the population under the heel of another, but by protecting the rights of every citizen; the right to speak, work, and vote freely under the law and according to the intention of the law.

There has been a great deal said about the folly of the radical system of reconstruction, as if it were a wholly theoretical and visionary policy. The truth is, that it is the result of experience. It was found that the laboring population of the late rebel States, who had been always loyal, but who had been freed by the war, could not safely be intrusted to the rest of the population. As the protection of their rights they received the ballot. Nobody supposed, we presume, that with the old voting population hostile to them, and with a great party in the North hating them, and themselves poor, friendless, and unused to any condition but abject servitude, they would at once secure peace by having the ballot. Peace could come only when the hostile class perceived that the will of the nation to secure fair play to the new voters lay behind the ballot. When that was distinctly perceived, it was tolerably clear that the hostile class, instead of trying to steal the vote, would turn to cajoling the voter.

And that is what we shall see. When the old planting interest at the South is assured that the ballot will stick to the hands of the colored citizen, and that it will be protected by those who placed it there until it is respected, that interest will respect it. If General Grant should take the Presidential oath that ballot will be respected. He is not an unknown man, and it is not necessary for him to talk for the country to understand that he will keep the peace in a very sensible and practical manner. He has never yet failed to respond to the ripe expectation of the country any more than Mr. Lincoln did. His character is his true platform, just as Andrew Johnson's was. If he had written ardent letters and made long speeches we should not be surer than we now are that General Grant as President would keep the peace, as it has never yet been kept in this country, by fair play. When the United States touched the slaves and made them free men, it took the responsibility of befriending them until their condition as freemen was fully and honorably acknowledged by their late masters. This is the Republican policy of Reconstruction, and this is the policy which General Grant's character as well as his letter accepts.

POISON IN THE FOUNTAIN.

The attack upon Christopher Pullman is the sign of a spirit which threatens every citizen who does his duty. Every Democrat especially, if he be an honest and thoughtful man, will ask himself why it is that such murderous assaults as that upon Mr. Pullman and the crimes of the Ku-Klux Klan in the Southern States are always the work of those who call themselves Democrats and sustain the Democratic party. That the troubles, the assassinations, the anarchy in the Southern States are to be justly charged to the Republican party or its teachings can not be truthfully asserted. It is true that men like Hunnicutt have been extravagant in speech, but their extravagance proceeded from the conduct of those opposed to them. The Ku-Klux Klan of to-day is the Vigilance Committee of the old days of slavery. Those committees harried and hung men merely because they opposed slavery, and the Ku-Klux Klan assassinates peaceable citizens to-day because they exercise the right of every American to think and speak and act freely so long as he does not infringe the equal rights of others.

Indeed that the crimes in the Southern States are not the work of those who sympathize with the Republicans is evident from the appeal of Wade Hampton to his political friends to refrain from such excesses. But he is himself a ringleader in the disorders, for when he declared that the freedmen should be starved if they would not vote the Democratic ticket he fostered the spirit of brutal violence which makes popular government impossible. If the leaders of the Democratic party openly counsel the coercion of voters by starvation, it is not surprising that their followers obey instructions by murdering their opponents. And this is a spirit and a method which will necessarily destroy the Government: for they will attack and disperse the meetings and despise all other rights of political opponents just as readily as they will assault a single man. For this kind of violence the Democratic party is responsible, because it all springs from the character and necessities of slavery, which that party so long and so carefully fostered. Slavery was a huge system of brute force, and the party which so zealously cherished it of necessity relied not upon reason but upon gross and passionate appeals.

Now, will any candid Democrat reflect upon the case of Mr. Pullman? He is a conspicuous citizen, who had done nothing but endeavor, in a perfectly legal and peaceful and honorable way, to defend the ballot-box against frauds. It was not for his own selfish interest that he did it—it was in the interest of all honest men and of honest government; and for doing this Mr. Pullman was attacked in the street by ruffians and left for dead. Any honest Democrat will agree that the whole community is indebted to Mr. Pullman for the service in which he was engaged; and we put it to the conscience of such a Democrat whether he believes that if he or any noted member of his party had been trying to defend the ballot-box against fraud he would have been waylaid and murdered by four Republican ruffians? We put it to his honor whether the principles and policy advocated by the Republican party naturally and logically lead to such outrages?

No republic, no popular government, can stand against fraud and violence. When the stuffing of the ballot-boxes, and repeating, and colonizing, and naturalization frauds are so open and flagrant that the people do not believe that the majority of the ballots represents the will of the actual majority of the voters they will lose all faith in the decisions of the ballot-box, and the way will lie open to a forcible overthrow of the Government. Any man of sense would prefer to intrust his rights and liberties to a dictator rather than to a mob; and the party which countenances fraud at the polls assassinates popular government.

Now that the heat and fury of the election are passed, all good citizens of every party can see the gravity of the peril. The assault upon Mr. Pullman for such a cause is the Ku-Klux Klan in New York. Do the intelligent members of the Democratic party seriously wish that the Ku-Klux Klan should control our politics? Are such men willing to encourage a party to which violence and crime naturally attach themselves? If they can show us that disorder logically springs from the principles of the Republican party, that it appeals of necessity to the bad passions and consequent violence of men, that it is most popular in the most ignorant communities, and that intelligent and orderly citizens are generally opposed to it, we should feel constrained to believe that there was something fatal to the public welfare in that party. A candid man will agree that if a party is not willing to take a position which may alienate the worst of its supporters, it consents to receive its policy from ignorance and lawlessness. Such a party is unworthy the sympathy of any honorable citizen.

THE FUTURE OF OUR DEBT, TRADE, AND COMMERCE.

No circumstance could show the beneficial effect which the recent election has conferred upon the Northern and Western portion of the Union—to be soon shared, we doubt not, by our misguided Southern brethren—than the instinctive impulse which leads to the consideration of those subjects which advance the wealth and productive powers of the community. The control of our vast industries is not to be given to those whose election would be a severe shock to every substantial interest, but to those who, having sustained the general welfare through the period of its greatest peril, may be relied upon in the four years to come after the inauguration in March, and the many years to follow of the same character—for this may be expected of the wisdom, prudence, integrity, and patriotism of the new Administration—to establish our institutions on solid foundations.

The point above all others which is material in securing advancement is that of the honorable treatment of the debt with the burden of which we emerged from the war. The people have scorned not only that form of repudiation which looked to the issue of more paper-money—not much is required, said Mr. Pendleton—in order to pay off the Five-Twenties, but also that other form of it, which, by tacking on the Confederate debt, would make payment impossible.

In the progress of our country there will always exist a direct connection between integrity in this and in all other transactions of the people. If we deviate into injustice, such also will be the general tone of society. If the public honor is not maintained, to maintain it in our private relations would not be possible. To pay the interest now and the principal hereafter in the money recognized by the commercial world, and to impress this upon all communities as the irrevocable determination of the American people, is the great duty of our country. The elections of October have given this direction to affairs. The train will be started on the 4th of March on that track. It leads to individual safety and success, and to public honor. Thanks be that this great victory is now so certain of accomplishment.

What a shame if any other decision had been reached! The debt of Great Britain, larger than ours, has been borne by a population of about thirty-two millions, occupying—taking into view the entire limits of the kingdom—only about 122,000 square miles. It has been borne without murmuring, and notwithstanding that, after the enormous expenditure and the excessive inflation of the war, she had to undergo the severe experience of recalling the redundant issues of paper, in which not only that debt, but extensive private debts, had been incurred. By the recall of the lower denomination of notes, and thus forcing the community to use gold and silver in their ordinary transactions—spreading it in every nook and corner of the kingdom—specie payments were established, and the whole public debt was raised to a specie value. She can now compete in her manifold industries with nearly every nation. This would have been impossible if her paper issues, made necessary in 1797, and continued for nearly twenty-five years, had not been recalled to the extent required to secure a wide distribution over the kingdom of the precious metals. This constitutes the safest depository of it which human wisdom can devise. It may then be called upon and obtained in great emergencies for purposes of Government, without the necessity of relying on foreign loans. The remarkable feature lately developed by Prussia in her war with Austria, of conducting war on a scale of importance without loans, is due to the wise system of legislation which retains the precious metals within the limits of that kingdom by preventing the large circulation of paper promises. Prussia had set apart a portion of what she received from taxation to constitute a fund for extraordinary purposes.

What this country requires to enable it to compete with the industry of other Powers is to get on the basis of specie. It is the opposite of the policy pursued from dire necessity during the war. In a return to this basis it is clear that suffering will be endured. It will affect all debtors; it will enhance the value of the public debt. But we must choose between ability to compete with other nations as carriers on the sea and as sellers in the markets of the world, and further and constant exclusion from those opportunities. Foreign bottoms bring foreign manufactures to us and carry away the productions which we export. Although we are the growers of cotton, what we export manufactured is too trifling to be named in comparison with what England manufactures and distributes without producing any of the raw material. Pride, love of country, success, all require that our industry shall be placed on better grounds. The great problem to be tried is this: whether our people, containing as they do a greater proportion of debtors than of creditors, can be firm while the process is going forward, which may condemn them to live on abstinence while changing from their present condition into one of the unequaled strength which our natural advantages allow. Now, when gold is at 133 (it touched this rate on the 2d inst.), we can not for the moment with advantage export any of our agricultural productions, although we have much to sell, and a foreign demand will be inevitable. They have cost so much in our redundant currency that gold is the cheaper commodity, and, if it remain at that rate, will itself be sent abroad. The market value of it here is due to speculation for a fall, and somewhat to the desire to absorb what the Government announced that it would sell to the highest offerer by proposal for ten consecutive days, that is to say three hundred thousand dollars per day. The experiment was resorted to by the Treasury in advance of what would have been ordered by Congress—its sale in some public manner. But it is clear that the experiment has enabled speculators to control the market and to adjust the price of gold temporarily below the range, which, on a wide view of our financial condition, was deemed appropriate at Washington. We have good reason for saying that the rate of premium for gold which the Treasury supposed ought to be maintained was between 140 and 145. At all events, looking to the market-price of commodities in the United States, and to the present amount of our paper currency, it would seem to be impossible to prevent its rising at least to the lower of those rates, and remaining there or above until some clear policy on the part of the national legislation shall be developed. The complexion of the Senate makes any expansion of the currency impossible. Prudence requires that no sudden and severe blow be inflicted on the powerful debtor interest. It may be that a "masterly inactivity" is at present the true policy. Measures of reform must be accompanied, if not preceded, by the education of the people up to the point when they will understand the bad influences of a paper system upon the prosperity of all except those who by means of it transfer to themselves much of the wealth which is annually created. They will then prepare for a change.

When we compare our great extent of country, comprising all that is most valuable of North America, with Great Britain, and consider the stream of immigration which is directed to our land, forming a volume sufficient, with our natural increase, to create annually a new State, the fear ought not to be encouraged or indulged that our debt will be a burden too great to be borne by the millions (almost countless they will be) who will share ultimately in the industry upon which its payment is to be charged. The debt must and will be paid to the uttermost farthing. It will compact us into one people to regard this obligation as the highest and most sacred embodiment of the national good faith.

The time will unquestionably arrive—it has been retarded by the war—when by means of the great natural advantages of this country—its coal, its rich lands, its water-power, its immense rivers, its proximity on one side to the East Indies and on the other to Europe, and its close connection with South America, she will become unrivaled. The command of commerce will be transferred from London to us. But this great event, long foreseen, must be preceded by the most unqualified recognition of the debt as it is understood by commercial nations, and preceded also by a reform in our currency, so that we may stand on a common platform with others. Until we do this our industry will be commanded by those who have the inestimable advantage of a sound currency. The highest effort of statesmanship will be required to relieve our country from present embarrassments, and conduct it to our appropriate place among the nations.

Mr. SEWARD'S SPEECH.

Eight years ago Mr. Seward made a remarkable series of speeches at the West in favor of the election of Mr. Lincoln. He even crossed the line of the Slave States while slavery was still supreme, and planted the standard of liberty and proclaimed equal rights at St. Joseph in Missouri. He was the acknowledged leader of his party. His speeches for many years had more truly depicted the real political condition of the country than those of any conspicuous public man. He had calmly stated the fact of the irrepressible conflict, and his words were an inspiration to many of the most

faithful and earnest of Americans. His simple declaration of the obvious truth of the irrepressible conflict was denounced as "a bloody and brutal manifesto" by those who were plotting the destruction of the Union even at the cost of civil war. The habit of Mr. SEWARD's mind prevented him from seeing that in the nature of things, since the conflict existed, it could be decided only by war. He believed it could be determined by peaceful and lawful means. In other words, he supposed that an aristocracy would surrender its power without resistance. Mr. SEWARD was a thoughtful student of history, but its most significant lesson for an American statesman of his time had escaped him.

Eight years have passed, and Mr. SEWARD made a speech at his home just before the late election. It is remarkable that during these years his opinions had ceased to awaken any interest but that of curiosity, and could be considered of no influence whatever upon the pending election. Indeed, upon the morning that he left Washington for Auburn, one paper said that he was going home to vote for Mr. SEYMOUR, and another that he would vote for General GRANT. His preference was not known, and nobody cared to know it. The speech that he delivered is, however, painfully interesting to those who gratefully remember Mr. SEWARD's great service to the country. It is an *apologia pro vita mia* of the later days. It recounts his career by implication. It states his view of the great public measures since the war. It accuses the Republican party of high crimes against liberty, but adds that its patriotism and sincere love of liberty are unquestionable. It declares that the reconstruction policy however unwise must be accepted; and that the Democratic party ought not now to be suffered to return to power because it does not show that it has fully accepted the indissolubility of the Union and emancipation.

This is all calmly stated, and with that peculiar charm of style which has always distinguished Mr. SEWARD's best speeches. There is no indication of intellectual decline, and there is a tone of fine pride in his reference to his own past acts. But in the most important part of the speech—that which describes the process of Reconstruction, and which is an arraignment of Congress, Mr. SEWARD remarkably omits to state the whole case. He says that the people of the late rebel States were invited to establish the necessary State governments upon the basis of loyalty and fidelity, of which proper practical tests were provided, namely, acceptance of emancipation; the repudiation of the rebel debt; the abrogation of rebel laws; and the acceptance of the iron-clad oath. He adds that the President did not make those governments; that he merely "suggested;" and that the popular action was spontaneous. This is certainly not an accurate statement. Was the President's North Carolina proclamation a mere suggestion? Did he not expressly disfranchise at his pleasure fourteen classes of persons who had formerly voted? Did not those who voted derive all their authority to vote from him? It was not a spontaneous action of the former voters of the States; still less was it an act of the people, for in the mean while the slaves had become freedmen, and could not be omitted in any fair use of the word people.

But were the practical tests satisfied? Does Mr. SEWARD sincerely think that the manner in which emancipation was acknowledged was satisfactory? Does he think that the Black Codes prove the loyal acceptance of the conditions? If he does, he permits himself to be deceived, as he was when he supposed the slaveholders would not attempt the forcible overthrow of the Government; and he shows again that for him history tells the story of an aristocracy in vain. Mr. SEWARD forgets to state that Congress did not instantly interfere, but waited to see whether the rebel States fairly satisfied the tests; although he acknowledges that it was the duty of the Government, not of the President, to initiate the work, and can not, therefore, deny that Congress might justly have protested at once against such an assumption of power. Mr. SEWARD says that the constitutions adopted were the best attainable at the time, and should have been left to the future and to growing intelligence and virtue. In other words, he says that the freedmen should have been left wholly to the mercy of masters who began by framing Black Codes. It is an inconceivable folly.

Mr. SEWARD says further, that if the patriotic efforts of Democratic leaders to elevate their party to the plane of a true loyalty had succeeded, all the sins of the party would have dropped like Christian's pack; and he would have willingly seen it supplant in power the party that has saved the Union and emancipated the slave, and whose cause from the beginning has been the cause of human nature itself. In Mr. SEWARD's opinion the party of all the disaffected would have been a truer Union party; the party of all the haters of the negro would have been a better liberty party; the party of the ignorant and lawless would have been a safer Conservative party; if it had only been a little more cunning. The one virtue of the action of that party last summer was that its platform was a declaration of its real faith, and its candidates were proper representatives of its real purpose. It is pleasant to have at the close of a canvass so intensely exciting the complete justification of the policy of Congress which Mr. SEWARD unconsciously makes in arraigning it. If this is the argument of the Cabinet, its case is more utterly without reason than had been imagined.

Mr. SEWARD ends his speech by a happy anticipation of his return as a private citizen to his old friends and neighbors, expressed with singular felicity. Indeed it is plain that he justly congratulates himself in the opening of his speech in saying: "I have reason to thank God, indeed, that neither age nor indulgence nor casualty has brought me to great decrepitude, as persons have sometimes imagined."

ENGLAND IN IRELAND.

Now that our election is over we can attend more carefully to that in England. It is there as it was here, an election of peculiar importance, for a great policy depends upon it, a remarkable step in British legislation. There is no greater blunder or crime in the history of England than its government of Ireland. The usual good sense of the race has utterly deserted its councils whenever Ireland was concerned. It has been a sore and a pest for centuries, until the public opinion of England became so morbid that reasonable or even decent conduct became impossible, and its Irish policy has been a policy of hate and exasperation. In this country we have a peculiar interest in the subject, for the vast emigration from Ireland is due to the English policy, and has had an immense influence upon our politics. The enormous number of refugees or emigrants from Ireland who have come to this country have made a class of citizens whose favor has been sought in the most unscrupulous way and for the most disastrous ends. The peril of the influence of so large and so imperfectly instructed a foreign element in our politics has more than once excited a vehement and imposing protest in the form of an "American" party, which, however, could have but a momentary supremacy, because it was essentially un-American in its principle and tendency.

If, however, the British Government should adopt an Irish policy which tended to keep the people of that island at home—if the system of laws were so adjusted that the chances of a poor man were as fair there as here, the emigration would naturally decline. We could then more readily and with less danger assimilate the large foreign element of our population, and our expansion in that manner would be natural and not abnormal as it now is. It is, therefore, not surprising that the organs of what is called the Democracy in this country favor the Tory rather than the Liberal party in England. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT are not favorites of our Democratic newspapers, because those gentlemen represent a policy which would tend to make Ireland contented, and consequently to diminish the emigration upon which the Democratic party in this country so confidently depends. The Fenians are also understood to prefer Mr. DISRAELI, the Tory Prime Minister, to Mr. GLADSTONE, who wishes to do justice to Ireland, and the preference of the Fenians is supposed to rest upon the feeling that any policy which tends to satisfy Ireland will make the Fenian hope of Irish independence of England more visionary than ever. If this be true, it shows only that Fenianism loves Ireland not wisely but too well.

GLADSTONE and BRIGHT represent the return of the English mind to reason in regard to Ireland. The removal of the vast and intolerable injustice of the Established Church in Ireland—an injustice worthy of the Middle Ages—must be followed by a general consideration and correction of all the abuses of the Irish policy. FREDERICK DOUGLASS says, with profound truth, that all that the colored man in this country wants, is to be made fully equal before the law, and then let alone; let alone by friend and foe, let alone by the Government and by the Ku-Klux Klan; but of course not abandoned by the Government to the tormentor; let alone to take their chance under equal laws and with a fair opportunity. This is common-sense, and therefore the highest practical statesmanship. And it is just as true of Ireland as it is of the negro. Make it wholly equal under the law, cease to discriminate against it in any manner, and Ireland will begin to recover from the grievous distemper of centuries of misgovernment and injustice.

This is really the question which is submitted to the English voters at this election. Mr. DISRAELI pleads against it that it is the beginning of an overthrow of the whole British system; and undoubtedly it is so, so far as that system is essentially unjust. But it is a poor argument against the cure of one disease that it will infallibly lead to the cure of others. The British system is already condemned in the British conscience, and its change is inevitable, and is merely a question of time. Mr. DISRAELI is compelled to throw himself upon the old Tory policy and cry that church and state are in danger. But if simple and palpable justice upon one point in Ireland endangers the English church and state, is it not plain that they rest upon injustice? And although Mr. DISRAELI's cry may arouse the ignorant and the dull, it can only inspire the intelligent and courageous to a steady support of the Liberal policy. The attitude of the Tories in England is that of the Democratic party in this country, and hence the sympathy of the Democratic papers here with the English Tories. They both hold tenaciously to an exposed and flagrant injustice. They both insist that injustice and the public welfare are identical. They both claim to be conservative because they resist the most necessary progress and the most obvious improvement. But the English Liberals are very confident, and there is little doubt that we shall soon see Mr. GLADSTONE Prime Minister and the beginning of radical reform in Ireland.

WILL THERE BE A REPUBLIC IN SPAIN?

THE other point of interest in Europe is Spain, and events in that country will now be watched with the utmost curiosity. The romantic popularity of General PRIM, which recalls that of GARIBALDI in Italy, is probably surprising to those to whom the General's name is not familiar. And it is doubtless true that he has not the same kind of hold upon the Spanish heart that GARIBALDI has upon the Italian. PRIM is the leader of the revolutionary party, and has made more than one attempt to overthrow the Government, and has done it, of course, in the name of the people. But he is not one of the European Democracy, and has never yet been saluted as a brother by VICTOR HUGO. We certainly do not say this to disparage him, but to indicate his position. General PRIM is a nobleman and an ambitious soldier, and the recognized chief of an unprecedentedly successful revolution in his country. It is, indeed, one of the most remarkable movements in history, and it leaves this chief temporarily at the head of an ignorant and superstitious nation. The victory has not been won with the cry of a republic, but merely with that of misgovernment by a monarchy. "I am fighting against the Bourbons, not against a monarchy," said General PRIM, upon landing. The question, however, is to be submitted to a vote of the people of the country whether the form of the government, as well as the person of the governor, shall be changed.

It is clear, however, that if the revolution had been directed merely against the person of the monarch, the rights of the reigning house would have been respected and a successor sought in the nearest of kin who was the least obnoxious. But no such step has been taken. The whole system of government was set aside, and the Junta which assumed and exercised power submit the question of the restoration of the system to the popular vote. The result of such an election it is wholly impossible to foretell, but it is very easy to see what must be some of the most powerful influences that will control it. The Spaniards are an ignorant and superstitious people. The power of the priesthood is probably stronger in Spain than in any other country, stronger than in Italy, which, although the seat of the Papacy, has been much more exposed to the influence of modern thought. The vote of the people, therefore, will be very much controlled by the priests, and the Roman Church can not heartily love a republic and republican influences, which tend to absolute liberty of thought and religious independence. The priestly power, therefore, will unquestionably demand a restoration of the monarchy.

The purely aristocratic influence in Spain, also, is very strong, and will be felt in the same direction, and there is no country in which the prospect of a republic would appear to be less promising. It is easy to see, indeed, that there is a very general incredulity upon the subject. A Spanish republic seems to many minds as preposterous as an Irish republic. The country is not ready for it, we are told. The people have not been educated to the proper point. And yet how is a nation ever educated for self-government except by the experiment? Do kings and aristocracies teach the people to dispense with kings and aristocracies? There seem to be two parties arising in Spain, one declaring for a constitutional monarchy and the other for a republic. The chances are certainly in favor of the success of the former. But the feeling for a truly popular government may yet surprise the country, and it is questionable whether Spain is not as ripe for a republic as for a constitutional monarchy.

AMENDING THE NATURALIZATION LAWS.

THE enormous frauds which were undoubtedly practiced at the late election, and at the previous one in October, both in this State and city and elsewhere, is a subject in which every good citizen is profoundly interested. Whatever may be a man's opinion of the relative responsibility of the two parties—whether he thinks that both are equally to blame, that each commands the same number of "miscreants," and is equally willing to cheat at the polls—which we do not believe—yet every honest man of either party will agree that fraud should be prevented by every proper means, and the great source of fraud is the naturalization mill. The thing that should be guarded with the most jealous care in this country is the ballot. Having determined the conditions upon which men shall become voters, it is of supreme importance that those conditions should be observed, or the will of the people will surely be defeated. Fraud at the polls is poison in the very springs of the government.

The Republican party, having the power, is responsible to the country for a correction of some of the flagrant evils resulting from our present system of naturalization. Congress should take up the whole subject and amend the laws in the light of terrible experience. The power of naturalization should be vested by the Government in the national courts only. The spectacle in some of the courts of this State, in the city of New York, is a disgrace to the country. The shamelessness of certain judges stains the bench and the bar. The infamies of the worst days of a sycophantic judiciary are revived in some of those courts, whose judges hold at the pleasure of the most degraded population, and who ceaselessly pander to their master. The absurdity, the tragedy, of elective judges has not yet invaded the national judiciary. A United States judge need not flatter the criminals at his bar in order to secure his re-election to the bench. Such men may therefore be trusted with the processes of naturalization; and nothing but a court of the United States should be authorized to make citizens of the United States.

The details of the laws also require careful examination. Bearing the object of such laws constantly in mind, the regulations should be adjusted to attain the object. They should be considered in the light of actual experience and common-sense, and not merely theoretically. One point which it is plainly necessary to secure is a certain and long period between the naturalization and the right of voting. Let us not consent to be swindled out of our government; and let every body understand that when he comes to settle in America he can have no vote except upon conditions which experience has shown to be necessary to protect the votes of all the people. The process of reconstruction will require only to be carefully watched by Congress and the people that its purpose may not be defeated. But the subject of naturalization may very properly command the earliest and most careful consideration. In adjusting it wisely Congress will defend the country against one of the plainest perils. In avoiding or neglecting it Congress exposes constitutional government to the most dangerous trial, as we show elsewhere.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

BEFORE the publication of this journal the Presidential election will have been decided. There can be scarcely any doubt that those States which in the October elections gave Republican majorities will give as full, and, in some cases, larger majorities on November 3d. New York State seems, as we write, rather doubtful, by reason of the immense number of naturalized voters in this city, most of whom will, of course, vote the Democratic ticket. As to the grand result, however, there can be no doubt.

The recent disturbances in Louisiana indicate the spirit and disposition of the Southern wing of the Democratic party. For several days Seymour and Blair clubs have held the city of New Orleans at their mercy. The houses and stores of Union men have been sacked and robbed; Republican club-rooms have been broken into, and their furniture destroyed; and banners have been paraded in the streets with inscriptions upon them threatening "Death to Grant!" and "Death to Niggers!" The municipal authorities have been set at defiance, and it has been found necessary for Governor Warmoth to appeal to General Rousseau to assist in the preservation of order in the parishes of Jefferson, St. Bernard, and Orleans. The negroes in New Orleans dare not venture upon the streets, and it has been deemed necessary to remove colored policemen from the metropolitan force. All well-known Union men and all negroes in the city are exposed to threats of violence. Many colored men have been murdered by the Democratic "Innocents."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Spanish Minister to the United States under the new Government will be Señor Mauricio Lopez Roberts, one of the most active of the revolutionists, and a member of the Union-Liberal party. No permanent form of government has as yet been decided upon; that will be left to the Constituent Assembly. On the 18th of October the Junta promulgated its declaration to the effect that a plebiscite (or popular vote), without previous ripe deliberation, would not be an expression of the reasoning will of the nation, and that therefore the important question of the moment must be left to the Constituent Assembly. Most of the revolutionary leaders favor a constitutional monarchy.

Items about Queen Isabella of Spain are flooding the newspapers. She weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds, unless her recent troubles have caused her to lose flesh. Her two eldest daughters are very handsome girls, but she herself has become very homely, and the contrast between mother and daughters is striking. The Queen's husband is said to be the very embodiment of stupidity. Queen Isabella was expected to arrive in Paris on the 6th inst.

Louis Napoleon, after having tried peace-Congresses in times past without success has gone, it is said, into map-making. He has issued maps to show "that the second empire has strictly regarded its frontiers, as laid down in treaties with neighboring powers." This explanation is thought to cover the Emperor's abandonment of a war policy. It is pleasant to know that the old map-maker is so well satisfied.

Two scientific expeditions to the North Pole are now fitting out in Europe—one at Bremen, under Petermann, and the other at Havre, under Lumbert.

The earthquakings still continue. Other shocks have been experienced at San Francisco; on the 12th and 13th of October a shock was felt in Chili, but no damage was done; and within a few days we have heard of slight shocks in Ireland and England.

The new Queen of Madagascar, although she has not yet espoused Christianity, has abolished idol-worship in that island.

BARON VON BEUST.

The great and remarkable changes which Baron von Beust has already effected in the ancient empire of the Hapsburgs during less than two years are known to all the world; and few will deny that at this moment the hopes of Austria to obtain a thorough political regeneration and a truly constitutional system of government stand or fall with the Beust Ministry.

Frederick Ferdinand Baron von Beust, the present Chancellor of the Austrian Empire, and Imperial Royal Minister of Foreign Affairs and of the Emperor's household, was born at Dresden, on January 13, 1809—the same year in which the battle of Wagram was fought. He received his early education at home, under the superintendence of his mother, who was a daughter of the Saxon Conference Minister, Von Carlowitz. When thirteen years of age (1822) he was sent to the "Kreuz" (Cross) school at Dresden, and thence he went, in 1826, to the University of Göttingen, where he attended the lectures of Professors Eichhorn, Heeren, and Sartorius, which aroused in his mind a predilection for diplomatic and political studies. After having for two more years studied at the University of Leipsic, he passed his examinations in law and political science in 1829. Returning to Dresden, he obtained an appointment in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs in 1831. In 1832 he entered upon a traveling tour through Switzerland, England, and France. Upon his return, in 1836, he was appointed Secretary of Legation at Berlin, where he staid two years. From Berlin he was transferred to Paris, where he remained three years. In 1841 he was recalled and sent to Munich as Chargé-d'Affaires of Saxony. In that capital he married the daughter of the Bavarian Lieutenant-General Baron von Jordan, a young lady of rare beauty, whose portrait at that time formed one of the most attractive gems in the gallery of celebrated female beauties established by King Ludwig. In 1848 Baron von Beust occupied the post of Resident Minister of Saxony in London. At the outbreak of the revolution in that year he was summoned to Dresden by the King; but events having anticipated the plans of his Majesty, Baron von Beust returned to London, and was shortly afterward appointed Embassador of Saxony at Berlin.

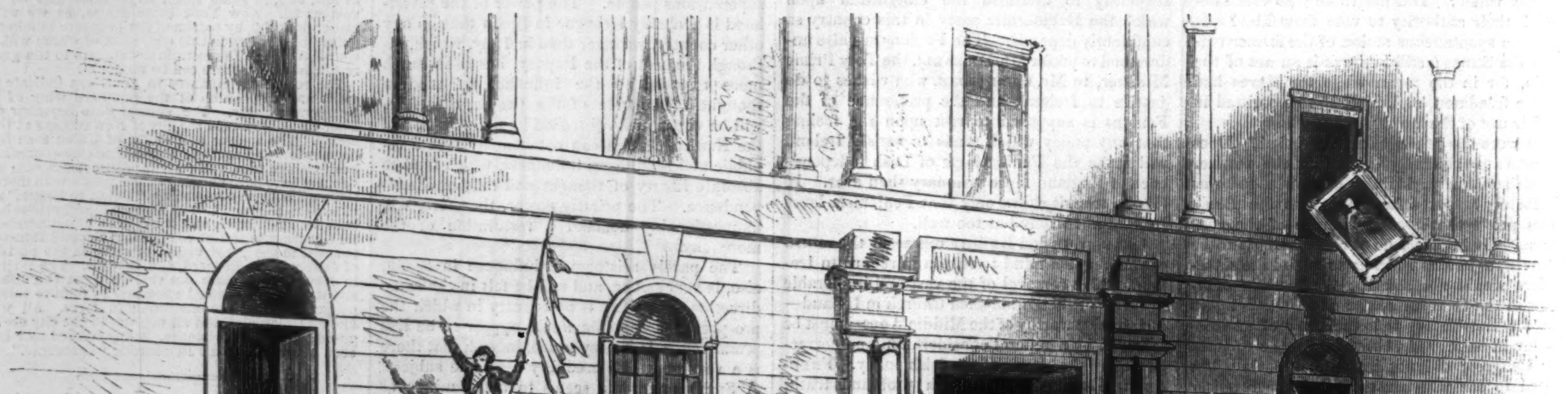
FREDERICK FERDINAND BARON VON BEUST, AUSTRIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, ETC.

After the retirement of the Braun Ministry, in February, 1849, he entered the Cabinet as Minister for Foreign Affairs. The refusal of the King to sanction the German Constitution of March 28, 1849, voted by the National Assembly at Frankfort, brought about a change in the Ministry, Baron von Beust and the War Minister, Von Rabenhorst, being the only Ministers remaining to conduct the affairs of the State. The King fled to Königstein, and the insurrectionists having established a provisional government in the capital, Baron von Beust saw himself compelled to solicit the military assistance of Prussia to subdue the revolt, as the armed force of Saxony was too weak for the purpose, a whole army corps of hers having been dispatched to Schleswig-Holstein to assist in the war against Denmark. Soon afterward, order having been restored, a Ministry was reconstructed, in which the Baron had charge of the port-folios of Foreign Affairs and Public Worship, the latter of which he exchanged three years later for the Ministry of the Interior. He devoted particular attention to the commercial and industrial prosperity of the country, while he adopted in other respects a liberal policy, and protected the freedom of the press.

Always enjoying a great popularity and the confidence not only of the Saxon people, but of other Liberal Germans, Baron von Beust's reputation rose to still greater brilliancy when, in 1864, he was, in deference to the national wish of all Germany, sent to London by the Federal Diet as their special plenipotentiary and representative of the German confederation in the conference upon the Danish affairs; and the German people went so far in their grateful recognition of his patriotic efforts as to commence on his return a national subscription for the purpose of offering him a testimonial in the shape of a mansion and an estate.

It may be remembered that King John of Saxony, in the negotiations for peace with Prussia, two years ago, was compelled to dismiss Baron von Beust, his Minister of Foreign Affairs and of the Interior. There was no fear on the part of Prussia that this Saxon statesman might become dangerous to the new order of things, but he was accused of "special malevolence and ill-will" toward Prussia. Such at least was the explanation then given by the Government organs at Berlin. The King of Saxony, as is well known, relieved the Baron from his functions as Minister of State at Dresden with a deep regret, expressed in a very touching letter. As a sort of recompense, the Crown-Prince of Saxony exerted his influence at the Court of Vienna in Von Beust's behalf, and in consequence of his good offices the Baron was appointed by the Emperor of Austria Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Imperial Cabinet at Vienna.

When Baron von Beust entered the Austrian service he found that empire completely disorganized. The catastrophe of 1866 had brought the country to the verge of, apparently, almost inevitable ruin. The Austrian statesmen were helpless; the people were dissatisfied and disgusted, the finances were bordering on a state of bankruptcy, the fabric of the State was tottering, and every thing seemed passing into the last stage of dissolution. It was therefore necessary for Baron von Beust to endeavor to effect an entire reform in the internal government of the



SPANISH REVOLUTION—SCENE IN MADRID AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION IN THAT CITY.—[See Page 727.]

state. So early as December, 1866, he went to Pesth, in order to become personally acquainted with the leading men of Hungary and the state of affairs in that kingdom, with a view of paving the way for a reconciliation between Austria and the Hungarian nation. Being impressed with the conviction that an arrangement could only be achieved on a *legal* basis, he saw, with a characteristically keen perception, that such a basis could only be established, on the one hand, by the restoration of the Hungarian Constitution, and, on the other, by the revivification of the suspended February Constitution for the kingdoms and countries of Austria situated on this side of the Leitha. This double object he accomplished with such impartiality and freedom from prejudice that he did not even avail himself of the incontestable constitutional right of dissolving the Diets which had been elected under totally different political organizations, and under the auspices of his predecessors. Yet his policy was diametrically opposed to that of Count BELCREDI, inasmuch as he attempted a compromise in *one* direction only—namely, on the basis of the Constitution and by inaugurating a truly Liberal régime in both halves of the empire, with complete autonomy for Hungary. BARON VON BEUST perceived that in the task before him he could only succeed with the assistance of that party which supported the idea of political reform and concentrated all its labors upon the introduction of Liberal institutions and the consolidation of a firm and durable organization of the Monarchy.

His first great victory was the pacification of Hungary, which he achieved by simply acceding to the just demands of that heroic nation. Next, a liberal constitutional rule was proclaimed by the Sovereign; and advisers of the Crown were chosen by him whom the representatives of the people trusted and supported. Moreover, the Kaiser's assent has been given to measures whereby the Concordat was virtually abrogated and a full measure of civil and religious liberty extended, for the first time, to every Austrian subject.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

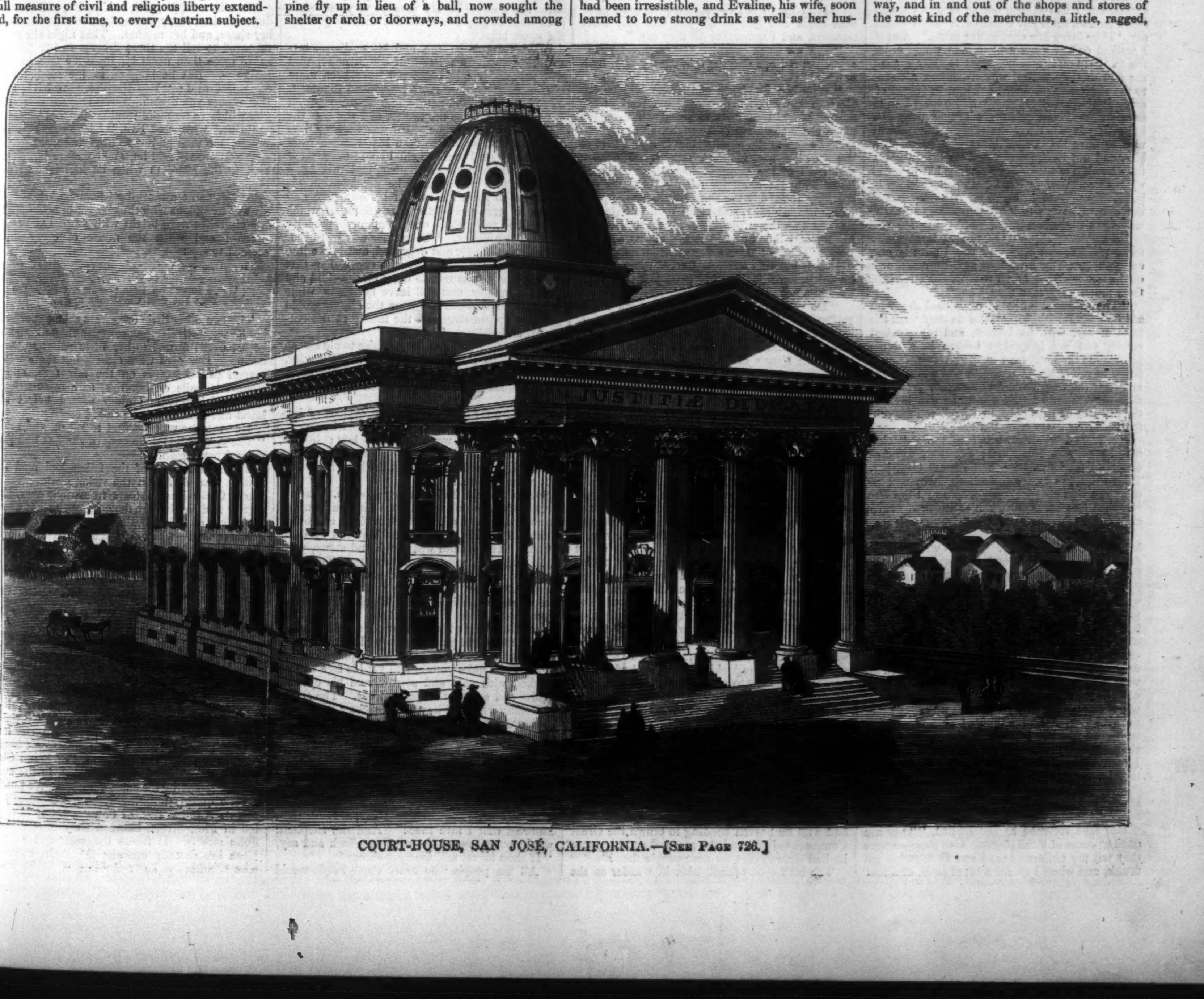
EVA EVE.

THE home of our little heroine was on one of those streets which cross the great metropolis in the vicinity of Five Points. Narrow and tall and crowded were the houses, with their groups of dirty children on the low steps, with the carts jolting over the rough stones of the narrow street, with the fronts of the buildings soiled and mouldy, and their tops hung with clothes to dry amidst the smoke of the chimney-pots. There was a narrow brick archway leading from the street to the second row of tenement houses built in the backyards of the first, and where dirt and darkness did not rent so high. The alley under the archway was narrow, and margined next the wall by rivulets of mud, which were generally an inch deep in stagnant soap-suds. A rain was falling, and the little boys who had been playing trapball all day, by making a fragment of whittled pine fly up in lieu of a ball, now sought the shelter of arch or doorways, and crowded among the ragged girls and babies who had been there before. The rain only made the mud more fluid, and seemed to extract from, and awake in, the air a mild odor of decayed cabbage-leaves. Here and there the white peel of a turnip coiled itself on the ground like an earth-worm, and the red fragments of tomato-skins looked like spots of blood.

It was in the top story or attic of one of these retired houses, that a single room, fronting on the open windows of the house in front, served as the home of Mrs. Eve, her husband, little Eva, who was nine years old, and two younger children. Mrs. Eve had been a handsome young Irish chamber-maid, and had married Dennis Eve, a porter in a dry-goods store, twelve years before. Her husband had always had his Saturday night spree, and his hot toddy at home on Sunday mornings. The smell of the steaming beverage, coupled with his repeated invitations, had been irresistible, and Evaline, his wife, soon learned to love strong drink as well as her husband did, and to use it with even less judgment.

Eva, with her fair skin, curly chestnut hair, and blue eyes, was the pride and pet of the family. Johnny had been crippled by being pushed from a street car by a rude conductor; but was still a news-boy, and now nearly eight years old. Little Susan had been vaccinated in her babyhood by one of those barnacle physicians who cling to city governments, and take the care of the poor by contract, at so much a street. He had inoculated her with the poison of the scrofula, and spoiled her health and beauty forever.

Ever since Eva could remember, her home had been much the same. Sometimes her father would have spells of good resolution, and pay the rent, and provide his family with from twenty-five to fifty cents a day for food. Sometimes he would bring home no money for a week, and then all the children and their mother would go and eat at the Five Points House of Industry, and pawn the second-hand clothing given them there to pay the rent. This was eight dollars a month for their vermin-haunted room. When there was money fire was kept in the little stove, and cooking and washing done. When there was none the fire died out, and clothes went dirty. Sometimes the money for food and fire was taken by the mother to the corner beer-shop, and then she would forbid the children to go for the food of charity, and would complain to all comers that the rich gave most to beggars and negroes, and neglected "respectable housekeepers." After a spree of the wife the husband generally staid from home a day or two, and Johnny would make a profit of five or six pennies a day by risking himself again on the moving cars; and Eva had a fragment of a barrel-head with holes bored in it, which was her flower-stand. She could buy one tuberose and two leaves of geranium for four cents, when she had the four cents, and could sell them for five. So she passed through the ever-hurrying crowd of Broadway, and in and out of the shops and stores of the most kind of the merchants, a little, ragged,



COURT-HOUSE, SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA.—[SEE PAGE 726.]

pale-faced flower-girl. Tens of thousands see her kind every day who never think of following them to their homes.

On the rainy day in question all of this family were huddled in their small room. The windows had the dirty glass let down to keep out the damp, and there was a heavy steam from the hot soap-suds of the wash-tub. Eva had just been telling, for the twentieth time, about the gentleman in shining broadcloth, and the young lady in silks and soft laces, who had met her at the Sunday-school, and asked her if she would like to go and live with them. The very idea had been like a fairy tale to her, and opened indistinct visions of clean doorways above marble steps, of lighted rooms with frescoed and pictured walls; and—greatest mystery of all—every body sitting down to warm, comfortable meals three times a day. In the midst of her glowing description of these wonderful friends she paused suddenly and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, there they come now!"

Sure enough, picking their way through the filth of the court-yard, and besieged by a score of the *gamin* of the neighborhood who thought such a phenomenon must forebode them pennies, came the gentleman and lady. His gray business-suit and her dark water-proof covering did not exactly fill the Sunday description; but the umbrella was certainly silk, and Eva knew the faces.

She darted down to serve as a pilot up the dark, crooked stairs, and they were soon visible in quite a ghostly way through the steam of the room.

The purpose of the visit was what the child had hoped for, but its consummation much more difficult than she or they had supposed. Mrs. Eve had taken just enough spirits that morning to make her talk freely, and, from having lived at service with great people, she was confident of her power to talk well.

"Sure it would be a powerful fine thing for the child to have a nice home," said she; "it might be the making of her a fine lady. And I wish somebody would adopt me and make a fine lady of me; I'd be after leaving my old man pretty quick."

The young lady was talking to little Eva, who was in her lap, and the gentleman replied: "You could not leave your children, you know, and few families would want so many new-comers all at once. But even if you are never made rich in this world, there is a chance to be much more than a fine lady in heaven."

The face of the woman was half sad, half comical, as she replied: "Sometimes I think so, and then again, I don't know. It would be nice to sleep where there is good air and a plenty of room, and to be where my little flower-girl could get the blossoms free, and not need to sell them. I have heard tell of the wonderful trees by the beautiful river that bear twelve manner of fruits for the healing of the nations. Maybe they are apples, and I like apples, but as sure as I would reach for one, some old woman at a 'stand' would say, 'Thim large fine ones is five cents.' And if I walked on the grass a policeman would order me to 'keep off!' and if I went to sleep among the flowers they tell of, why if I didn't get sent to the station-house for it, I should be scared of every angel that come along, and expect him to say: 'Come! you must get out of this, you know, if you can't pay the rent!' It would be nice to have bread that didn't cost so much a bite, and not to count the pennies before going for a handful of coal, and have none left to count when ye come back; but I don't believe much in it. There may be a heaven for rich folks, but if the like of us are to have so much good then, why don't we have a little now?"

He answered earnestly: "There is generally some good reason why God sends poverty and suffering as either a trial, or a punishment, or a cure; but you hear of all that in the churches, from much wiser men than I am."

"The churches indeed!" exclaimed she, with a little scornful laugh. "And do they want the likes of me, with no bonnet, and my patched calico, and my hoop-skirt broken in a dozen places—do they want me in their soft-cushioned pews, to rub against their cloth and white linen, and hear the fine music and soft easy preaching that they pay for? No indeed! I've been to the doors more than once, and I tell you the sexton could see every body but me!"

He looked troubled, but continued: "That may be so, and I fear it is, yet there are free chapels built by nearly all the great churches. Trinity has one, Grace Church another; and besides the free chapels every where and the free churches like St. Albans, the galleries of nearly all the churches are open to all strangers."

"An' you'll catch me agoing to them!" was her unexpected rejoinder. "Who wants all the dandies in kid gloves and side whiskers to be lookin' at the holes in my stockings as I go slip-ily-slop up the steps in my old shoes; and who wants to see the one in the pew before you move to the far end as if one had the small-pox, and have stuck-up girls giggle behind their handkerchiefs at the patches and the darns on old faded clothes? Let alone the preacher, who, the minute he catches sight of a body, is sure to crack up what a nice thing it is to be a washer-woman with hopes of heaven; as if a gold harp and a white night-gown fifty years from now was equal to a beef-steak and a cup of nice tea and a warm bed just now! Let 'em build churches for the poor and fill 'em with rich folks as they do. I reckon the poor will go, an' like to go, when they have decent clothes and enough to eat."

"Do you have the same objection to the Divine service at the Missions and the House of Industry?" he asked.

Her face softened as she replied, "They are good at some of those places. One place—where they tell my children that I and their father get drunk, and when I go for a bit of soap, or a loaf of bread, ask me if I am going to trade it for a dram—I don't go to. Poor people have feelings if they are poor, and an insult goes as deep into us as if our bosoms was covered with lace. Maybe it hurts us a little worse when we deserve it a little. But I hate to go to the Episcopal House. It takes three thousand dollars a month, Mr. Halliday tells me, to feed the hundred or so children that lodge there, and the three hundred more women and children who eat there three times a day. Other shops shut up, and other schools and churches have summer vacations, but they never shut the doors day nor night; and I tell you it makes me cry when I hear them little children set there and sing:

"'We won't shut the door against one of Christ's poor,
Though you bring every child in the city.'"

The visitor asked, "Do they really do so much good as that? But I suppose they have a plenty of money."

"Indeed they don't," was her quick reply. "They don't have any money hardly but what comes from kind people, as a gift, and that is uncertain. It takes about fifteen hundred pairs of shoes for all the children of a winter, and a sight of pants, and jackets, and stockings, and skirts, and little dresses. The most the children get are made out of old clothes and boots and shoes that people send there; but then they don't last so long as new, and children can't eat old clothes and shoes, you know. I hate to go as I told you, for they do so much, it looks wrong to seem to be looking for more, and there are people poorer than we, that need help, and I seem to myself to be in their way."

The gentleman had walked to the window, and his voice was somewhat husky as he asked, "Would you go to church if you had a better dress?"

"Oh yes, I'll be powerful religious if you hire me to be," was her ready response.

"I do not wish to *hire* you to be good, but pray that you may be," was his answer, as he placed a ten-dollar bill in her hand, and turned to where his daughter was earnestly talking with little Eva. There, at least, poverty was not regarded as a kind of curious snake, worth seeing but not safe to touch; for the uncombed hair of the flower-girl nestled on the shoulder of her friend; and the gray eyes of the up-town beauty were certainly in full sympathy with the blue ones of the little pauper who looked in her face.

The conversation had been going on long enough to become interesting, and Carrie Adams—for that was the name of the half girl, half woman—had just asked, "How do you know, Eva, that Christ feels for you and for all of us in every trouble?"

"Because," was the instant reply, "the Bible says that he is touched with a feeling for our infirmities, and was tempted in every manner as we are, but yet without sin."

"Where do you learn such things?" asked Carrie.

"Oh, I go to the Sabbath-school, and good men come and talk to us, just like easy short sermons, and I remember all they say."

"Tell me some things they say, won't you?" asked the red lips and the bright gray eyes both at once.

"Why last Sunday a gentleman told us the German story about the wooden Christ in the market-place, that used to get down from the place under the lamp every night, and go about giving shoes to the barefoot children and food to the starving, and mending the broken wagons and tools of the poor work-people. Nobody knew who did it all for a long time, till one morning about day the shoemaker saw the place of the image empty, and pretty soon saw the image come up the street and climb up to the cross again; and then he knew it was Christ who did it all. The gentleman told us that no image ever did that, but that the real Christ, when he was on earth, went about doing good just that way, only in a better way."

"Do you remember any thing he did which makes you love him?" asked Carrie.

"Yes, something he told us in the same little talk. He said that one day Jesus was walking along the streets of Jerusalem, or some place, and was dressed in that clean and beautiful white robe which had no seam, and which the soldiers cast lots for when he was crucified. His disciples all followed him, dressed in clean white too, and presently they were met by some women of the city, and every woman had a child by the hand or in her arms. Then the gentleman asked us if we thought they were the children of the rich, and wore beautiful embroidered dresses and silk stockings, and had curly golden hair, like the children in the Park? and when we did not know he said he thought not. He said if they were beautiful and clean children the disciples would have been glad enough to have Christ notice them, and even to play with them themselves. But they were poor, and so the disciples thought: 'Well, now, our Master is too kind-hearted; and if he stops to notice these dirty little things they will soil his clothes, and his white robe will have to be washed, and he will have to comb his head with a fine comb; and then these rich Pharisees and Sadducees are looking at us, and will think we are low people to associate with the like.' So they wanted to send the children away."

"Did Christ let them go?" was the suggestive question.

"No, he didn't; for he took them right in his arms, and said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"You have a good memory, Eva. But when Christ arose from the dead, with the affrighted soldiers of Rome flying from the opening tomb, and with all heaven bending to crown the Great Conqueror of hell and the grave, do you suppose he had time to care for poor people then?"

The blue eyes opened wide in wonder as she said, "I know he did; for while the poor woman stood weeping and troubled near where she had seen the two angels in the deserted tomb, he was sorry for her, and came and asked, 'Woman, why weepest thou?' and when she thought he was the gardener, and asked to know where he had laid the body, he only said 'Mary,' and she looked up and knew him. Then he knew how sorry Peter must be because he had denied him, and how troubled he must be to remember that last sad look in the judgment hall, and so his first message to the disciples had Peter's name in it."

The eyes of Mr. Adams had filled with tears as he listened and thought how from the mouths of babes and sucklings God had perfect praise. But willing to test the memory and the faith of the little theologian to the uttermost, he said, "Do you not think that the kindness of Christ may have been because he had suffered so himself, and so recently? Do you think that after he had been in heaven for many years, among all the adoring angels, and had become used to the diadem and equal glory of God's only Son, that he would stoop from that high throne to talk to one of his old friends and be as kind as he was?"

The questioner knew of but one such instance, and was surprised that the little girl knew it as well as he did. "Oh, yes!" she said, "it was over sixty years after, and ninety-six years after Christ was born, that John—the one he loved, you know—saw him in Patmos. He writes about it himself, and says, when he saw his face like the sun, and the seven stars in his hand, he fell down at his feet as if dead; and Christ laid his hand on him and said, 'Fear not, I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore.'"

"I wish that all the children of the land knew as much of God and his holy book as you do," said Mr. Adams, tenderly, as he stooped and kissed her. "Now we must go; and your mother tells me I may come at three o'clock next Sunday, when your papa will be at home, and see if he will let you live with us and be my other child."

Then they were gone, and there was only the dirty room, and the filthy court, and the slow, dreary drizzle of the rain.

Eva knew too much of the uncertain temper of her father to mention the matter to him before the important hour should come; and his wife did not. So the hours passed, and she wandered in bare feet over the cold damp of the pavements, reaping her slender harvest of cents; and the mother sometimes encouraged her hopes by talking of the fine times she was to see, and then depressed them by asking how she could bear to be better off than her own flesh and blood, and predicted that when she once had fine clothes and rode in a carriage, she would forget and despise her poor mother, and crippled brother, and weak-eyed little sister. At such times Eva would shed silent tears, and think she must be very wicked to even want to go; but could not entirely give up the sweet hope.

Sunday evening came, and bitter disappointment. Dennis Eve was half drunk and proud and sullen. A pig could not have been more obstinate, nor a peer more proud and dignified. Yet he had law, and nature, and human right on his side, for he was the father, and she was the light of his dark home. He was even civil to the man who wished to take his treasure from him, and argued that the child could never be as happy as with her own mother, and that he, a strong-armed man, would be degraded in his own eyes to leave the care of his own flesh and blood to strangers—strong positions, to which there is no reply which one freeman can properly address to another. The mother was just sober enough to feel silly and degraded, and broke into the conversation frequently with suggestions that it would be just as nice to dress up the child and give her money, and still leave her there, while Mr. Adams thought how soon the clothes would go to the pawn-shop and the money to the bar-room, and did not reply.

The parting kiss and the promise to aid her all it was possible through the institutions of charity, was all the consolation for little Eva as the evening sunshine and her friend faded up the street together.

He did not forget her; but an orphan of less mind and beauty shared his name and home.

Eva thought it was all for the best; but as winter came the shrunken skin over her temples grew whiter, and the red spot on her cheek was not a health rose.

One night she had a strange dream. In her dream she was no more a little girl, but a white lamb feeding with a large flock of sheep and other lambs in a wide, dreary plain bounded by dark woods. The ground was rough and stony, with little grass and scanty pools of water. The wind was cold and strong, so as to sometimes almost blow them away, while briers and thorns tore the fleece, and sometimes drew blood. The sheep were mostly poor, with soiled and torn wool, and sometimes wolves from the woods would grow so bold as to try and pluck the young lambs from the very arms of the shepherd. This shepherd seemed to her to be quite young, and yet his face was so marked with care and sorrow, and his eyes so tender and sad that he seemed old. The strangest thing was, that he seemed to be a great man in that country, and all the people who passed by on the highway did him reverence and seemed anxious for his notice and favor. His conduct toward these was as singular as his lonely life on the cold plain. He would stop some richly-clothed traveler in the very midst of his protestations of high regard, and would ask, "Lovest thou me?" Then the man would say, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee!" And the shepherd would point toward the scattered flock and say, "If thou lovest me, feed my sheep."

All the people who heard these words would say that they intended to feed them bountifully, and some few would busy themselves with gathering grass and tender herbs for them in the coldest days; but the most part passed on, and said they were then in great haste. When they had more time, and the wind was not so cold out there, they would come and do it, but not then. Then the shepherd would look sorrowful, and lead the sheep himself to the greenest pastures and stillest waters; but these were few and wide apart, and often picked over.

Then Eva awoke, and while the dream was a sad one, yet the face of the shepherd had been so kind and sweet, she could not avoid telling it all to her sister and brother, and talking of it to her mother all that day.

She felt hardly strong enough to push her way through the hurrying crowd of Broadway, and she had a little cough.

In a few nights more she had the same dream, and heard the same words with the same results. Again she told her dream, and her mother told her it was eating at night made her dream. Eva thought she did not eat enough to hurt her, but did not say so.

A third time the dream came. A third time the lord of the waste stopped a sleek and well-clothed man in the midst of flattery, and anxiously asked, "Lovest thou me?" The person looked astonished, as others had done, and said, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee!" Then the shepherd pointed to where she was lying with other lambs on the hill-side, and said, "If ye love me, feed my lambs." But the man, and all others who came by, were too busy to attend to it then, and the cold had killed all the grass. So the shepherd came to her, with tears in his eyes, and said, "Come, little one, I must take you to a far distant fold, or you will perish here." And he took her to his warm bosom and hastened away, while she slept warmly in his mantle. When at last he paused and loosened its folds, the cold waste and dark woods were gone. There were wide green meadows with butter-cups and daisies and sweet violets—there were blue murmuring streams that wandered through the rich grass, or sparkled in cascades and made rainbows of their mist—there were tall trees which tempered the warm sunlight with cool shadow, and which had glossy leaves and snowy flowers, with beautiful and wondrous fruits—there were vast flocks of sheep feeding in peace and safety every where, and among the happy, frisking lambs Eva knew some that she had missed, one by one, from the cold waste she had left. Then she hardly knew the shepherd who had brought her as the same one. His robe shone like illumined snow, the care and sorrow had passed from his face, and his shining hair was brighter than a crown. But the same soft and tender light beamed from his loving eyes, and it was the same sweet voice which said, "You are to stay here, my little lamb; this rest is for you."

Then Eva awoke, and, half crying with bewildered excitement, went again to tell her brother, her sister, and her mother. That night she even ventured to tell the three dreams to her father, as, in more than usual kindness, he took her on his knee. But he laughed as the mother had done, and said: "You sleep on your back, and that makes you dream. Sleep on your side, and you will have no more trouble about it."

"But," whispered Eva, "I love the dream so much; the man looked so kind and good."

"Nonsense!" said he, and began to promise a visit to the Museum when he had made more money.

At last came a morning when the bright cold air was tremulous with the clangor of bells; when the churches were bright with flowers and evergreens; and when the music of every choir seemed to say:

"Lo! on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born,
While bright on Bethlehem's sacred plains
Bursts the first Christmas morn."

The two other little ones were soon out of bed, but Eva seemed sleeping sounder than usual, and both parents turned to her little pallet to wake her up. Her eyes were closed, but there was a marvelous brightness on the fair face, and a wondrous smile on her lips, as if some strange vision of beauty and glory passed before her mind and penetrated the closed eyelids.

Her mother was the first to speak, and said: "The dear child! I do believe she has had that same dream again."

The quicker eye of the father had read the truth. Eva *had* seen the vision again—seen it where God wipes all tears from their eyes, and sorrow and sighing are done away—seen it where the River of Life flows softly by the city of the saints of God—where His sheep pasture free on the green savannas of the future, and the lambs of the fold keep their eternal holy-day.

"*He giveth his beloved sleep.*"

COURT-HOUSE AT SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

It has lately been proposed to remove the Legislative Assembly of the State of California from the city of Sacramento to San José, in the county of Santa Clara, which is now a thriving city, with broad graveled thoroughfares, long lines of substantial brick stores, stately public edifices, hotels, seminaries of learning, city hall, elegant churches, and a handsome Court-house, the use of which the authorities of Santa Clara County have proffered to the State, in the event of their removing the capital thither. We publish a view of this building, from a photograph by Mr. J. A. Clayton, of San José. It is situated in First Street, between St. James and St. John streets. It fronts the east, and a broad plaza lies directly opposite the main entrance. The architect is Levi Goodrich. The build-

ing was let out by contract, and will have cost, with the ground, the sum of $150,000. The apex of the dome is reached by flights of steps (172). The building is two stories in height, besides basement and attic. It is designed in the classic style of architecture. The order employed is the Roman Corinthian, with elaborate enrichments of capitals, medallions, and richly-carved mouldings, all in cast iron and wood. The building has a front of 100 feet, with a depth, including portico steps, of 140 feet. The height from the ground to the top of a level cornice is 56 feet; to top of dome, 115 feet; to the top of flag-staff, 185 feet. The base of the dome is 50 feet through, and is 17 feet across the top. The first floor is 8 feet above the ground line; the portico has a depth of 15 feet, with a length of about 76 feet, and is reached by a flight of thirteen granite steps and landing, which landing supports a colonnade of six Roman Corinthian columns, a little less than 4 feet in diameter and 38 feet high, supporting an entablature of 9½ feet high. The building contains twenty-one rooms.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

OUR engraving on page 724 represents a scene in Madrid at the first outbreak of the revolution there. The people took possession of the Government buildings, removed the royal arms, and pitched the portraits of the Queen, King, and other members of the royal family out of the windows into the streets, where they were trampled upon and destroyed. This took place at the Ministry of Works especially, the scene at which is depicted in our engraving.

A correspondent, writing from Madrid on the afternoon of the 29th of September, thus depicts the enthusiasm of the citizens after the battle of Alcolea, which had resulted the day before in the surrender of the Queen's army: "I have been out into the streets, and made my way into the Puerta del Sol. The whole population is out, with wild joy in every countenance. The scene has changed as if by magic. I saw no window that had not its festive decorations. Crowds of men, armed and unarmed, with flags at their head, are parading the streets. The very priests are setting up their most joyous peals from every steeple. From every tobacco-shop, from every public office, the Queen's arms are torn down and trampled in the dust. Her bust, her portraits, her name, and those of the Princess and the rest of the family, are laid hold of wherever they are to be found, and subjected to every ignominious ill-treatment. The Puerta del Sol is one mass of people. The Palacio de la Gobernacion (Home Office and General Command) has been invaded by the mob. The doors are closed; but the people climb up, crawl up, and break in at every window. The *Novedades*, a Progressista paper, is already being hawked about, and it contains the new charter of the country stipulating for freedom of conscience and worship as the most sacred of popular liberties. The destinies of the country are referred to the vote of the National Assembly, but the Progressistas have evidently the upper hand. The outburst of popular excitement is indescribable. It is one of those moments which a man does not see many times in his life, but which, once seen, are never forgotten."

Within half an hour after the retirement of General CONCHA and the triumph of the revolution the place formerly known as the Puerta del Sol was rechristened the Plaza del Popolo. The names of several other streets and squares have been changed in a similar manner. The Plaza Isabel II. has become the Plaza de Prim; the Plaza de Herradores the Plaza de Serrano. The proprietors of the Café Princesa have cut off the last two syllables of its name, and it now stands as the Café Prin, the nearest approach which the old name permitted to that of the revolutionary general.

The Progressista clubs of Madrid have entered into a union for political purposes. At a recent meeting of the united clubs Señor OLOZAGA informed them that Queen ISABELLA would abdicate in favor of Don CARLOS. The election for members of the Constituent Cortes will take place on the 29th of November. This body will determine the form of government, which will probably be that of a constitutional monarchy.

STREET-SWEEPERS AND RAG-PICKERS.

THE street characters represented in our two engravings on page 733 are familiar to all of our New York citizens who are early risers. At early dawn we shall find the street-sweepers gathered together in groups at their morning rendezvous, near the City Hall, at Jefferson Market, and other localities, waiting the arrival of their various inspectors. The inspector comes and calls the roll, striking off from the pay-list all who are not present to answer the call, and then the signal is given, the brooms, scrapers, etc., are seized, and the workmen disperse themselves over the city and enter upon their allotted tasks. The working day is from 6 A.M. until 3 or 4 P.M.

The rag-pickers are out before the street-sweepers, their best opportunity being during the hours before the stores are opened. They are to be seen in the greatest numbers in the lower portions of the city. The scene in Ann Street, which is represented in our engraving, may be witnessed every morning between 6 and 7 o'clock. Women and boys with their paper bags and their bundles of dirty rags throng about the entrances to the shops of those dealing in this street-litter. Upon the balances are placed the uncouth bundles of these wretched customers, who in the mean time are often engaged in angry disputes among themselves as to the monopoly of their respective hunting-grounds. Their profits are variable. The price obtained for rags is from two to four cents per pound, that for waste paper ranges from one to three cents. The earnings of a single rag-picker amount to from thirty to fifty cents a day.

INDIAN FUNERALS.

ON page 732 we publish four illustrations representing the custom of burial as observed by the Kaw Indians of Kansas. The body is first carried to the place of interment by the friends of the deceased. The chief mourners then make their appearance leading the horse, which is, according to custom, to be strangled on the grave, and carrying the pole which is to serve as a mark indicating the spot. It is usually decorated with scalps, horse-tails, and bits of scarlet cloth. The grave is then dug by squaws, after which the horse is strangled with all his equipments on, and the grave is covered up. The men show that they are in mourning by painting their faces black, the women by bedaubing the tops of their heads with white clay. Mourning is continued daily at the grave during a period of from three to six months.

PHOTO-SCULPTURE AND CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

EVERY process, mechanical or otherwise, which tends to cheapen without degrading art is a positive benefit to the public, and a means of art education which is not to be lightly disregarded or criminally neglected. The universal distribution of good engravings is as necessary to the art instruction of the people as the distribution of school books is to their general education; art schools are as necessary as public colleges; and it is for these reasons that we are glad to notice, as we have heretofore, the disposition to erect statues and monuments to the heroes and soldiers of the late war, which now prevails, and the discovery of any new process for cheapening art works. Among the most notable of these are photo-sculpture and chromo-lithography.

The new art of "photo-sculpture," as it is called, has been practiced in Paris for two or three years by a company working upon the patent of the inventor of the process—M. Willème, the sculptor. The process by which the photograph is translated, if we may be permitted to use the term, into clay or terra-cotta is as follows: Supposing a person, for instance, wishes to have a statuette of himself, it is requisite that he should go through the preliminary process of having a series of photographic segments, as it were, of his person. This is accomplished by "posing" him in the attitude selected, on a round platform, in the centre of a circular photographic room. Around this apartment, at equal distances, twenty-four cameras are placed, each instrument so arranged as to take a longitudinal twenty-fourth segment of the sitter, the whole number representing exactly his entire figure. From the segments, which form what may be termed the working drawings of the artist, enlarged copies are taken of the size required for the statuette. These preliminaries being accomplished, the process of translating the flat drawings to the soft lump of clay takes place through the agency of the pantograph—an instrument, the principle of which was discovered by the great Watt, and is known and practically used in this country under the name of the copying machine. The pantograph is an instrument having a tracer at one end, and a knife, or stile, at the other; and it is put in operation by two persons, one of whom applies the tracer to the enlarged outlines of the photograph, and the other directs the opposite end to the lump of clay. As the two ends move equally, the outline is thus translated to the knife; and as fast as the tracer can follow the lines of the photograph the knife cuts out the rough outline of the figure. The more delicate work is produced by the same agency, and when the statuette is complete it will be found to correspond line for line and crease for crease with the sun-picture, of which, in fact, it is a mechanical copy. In this manner the most absolute truthfulness is obtained.

To understand how chromos are made, the art of lithography must first be briefly explained. The stone used in lithographing is a species of limestone found in Bavaria, and is wrought into thick slabs with finely polished surface. The drawing is made upon the slab with a sort of colored soap, which adheres to the stone, and enters into a chemical combination with it after the application of certain acids and gums. When the drawing is complete, the slab is put on the press, and carefully dampened with a sponge. The oil color (or ink) is then applied with a common printer's roller. Of course, the parts of the slab which contain no drawing, being wet, resist the ink; while the drawing itself, being oily, repels the water, but retains the color applied. It is thus that, without a raised surface or incision—as in common printing, wood-cuts, and steel engravings—lithography produces printed drawings from a perfectly smooth stone.

In a chromo, the first proof is a light ground-tint, covering nearly all the surface. It has only a faint, shadowy resemblance to the completed picture. It is in fact rather a shadow than an outline. The next proof, from the second stone, contains all the shades of another color. This process is repeated again and again and again; occasionally as often as thirty times. The number of impressions, however, does not necessarily indicate the number of colors in a painting, because the colors and tints are greatly multiplied by combinations created in the process of printing one over another. In twenty-five impressions, it is sometimes necessary and possible to produce a hundred distinct shades.

The last impression is made by an engraved stone, which produces that resemblance to canvas noticeable in all finer specimens. English and German chromos, unlike the finished work made by Louis Prang of Boston, and other less extensive publishers in this country, do not give this delicate final touch, although it would seem to be essential in order to make a perfect imitation of a painting.

AT A LITTLE DINNER-PARTY.

FIRST OLD HUMBUG.

DEAR brother Brown, if we could take
Such liberty with Time,
As just to back his fatal clock
To mark our early prime.
When we were barely twenty-three,
And prodigal of Youth,
And thought all women were divine,
All men the souls of truth:
If we could feel as then we felt,
And know what now we know,
We'd take more pleasure than we did
Twice twenty years ago.

SECOND OLD HUMBUG.

Dear brother Smith, I'm not so sure,
'Tis heart that keeps us young,
And heart was ever ignorant
Since Eve and Adam sprung.
And if we knew in youthful days
As much as when we're old,
I fear that heart would turn to stone,
And blood run very cold.
Yet none the less, for sake of life,
Though life should bring me woe,
I'd gladly be the fool I was
Twice twenty years ago.

THIRD OLD HUMBUG.

Dear Smith and Brown, of parted hours
Your talk is void and vain,
They're gone—God wot! Let's bless our lot!
They can not come again.
Each age has its appointed joy,
And each its heavy load,
And I for one would not retrace
My footsteps on the road.
I know no Time but present Time,
And if the claret flow—
And we enjoy it—why recall
Twice twenty years ago?

I know I've had my share of joy,
I know I've suffered long,
I know I've tried to do the right,
Although I've done the wrong.
I know 'mid all my pleasures past
That sleep has been the best,
And that I'm weary, very weary,
And soon shall be at rest.
Yet all the same I cling to life,
"To be" is all I know,
And if I'm right, I knew no more,
Twice twenty years ago.

THE YOUNG HUMBUG.

You dear old humbugs, Jones and Smith,
Thou dear old humbug, Brown,
You live like oysters, though not half
So useful to the town.
I'll lead a nobler life than yours,
While yet my youth remains,
And gather up a store of gold
To heal old Age's pains.
You've had your pleasures as you went
In dribblets small and thin,
I'll have my pleasures in the lump,
And end where you begin.

I'll carve and care, I'll stint and spare,
And heap up sum on sum,
To make myself a millionaire
Before old Age shall come.
I'll flaunt the rich, I'll feed the poor,
And on the scroll of Fame,
So large that all the world may read,
I'll write my honest name!

CHORUS OF OLD HUMBUGS.

Yes! Fool! and when you're old as we,
You'll find, on verge of death,
That little pleasures are the best,
And Fame—not worth a breath.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ONE is almost tempted, as he reads the daily records of accidents on railroads and steamboats, to wish for a return of the old times when slow-going coaches were the fashionable vehicles for public travel. People were content then to jog along at a moderate speed; or if, by chance, some nervous individual became impatient, he might safely vent his vexation upon the phlegmatic driver, who would not suffer his faithful old horses to be startled from their regular trot. Nowadays, life is recklessly exposed by the management of our public conveyances. A collision occurs between two steamers on the Sound—the passengers, as by a miracle, escape death, though not injury. The newspapers comment on the casualty for a day or two, and what is done about it? What new care is taken to prevent the like occurring any night? A frightful calamity recently took place on the Hudson River Railroad—to be sure, such an event is nothing rare or strange on that, and on many other railroads. Some were killed, many wounded, all the passengers in imminent danger of most horrible death. Almost every day some similar accident is reported, not always one fatal to life—usually a bare escape from death—a broken rail, or some similar *trifle* being the ordinary cause of exposing travelers to fearful perils.

The carelessness and recklessness of railroad management has been abundantly discussed—with what good result perhaps facts will best show. But the "spirit of the age," in America at least, tends toward undue haste, unwarrantable exposure of life, unwise risking of property—any thing to "get on" in life. People are not content to be moderate and sure; they want to *hurry* to the end of their journey, to *hurry* to become rich, to *hurry* to gain repute, and thus they soon *hurry* through life. Courage is a grand quality; "Nothing venture, nothing have," is a sensible proverb:

> "But there are human natures so allied
> Unto the savage love of enterprise,
> That they will seek for peril as a pleasure."

On behalf of those who need to be reminded that "All's to be feared where all is to be lost," a mention of the views of a philosophical old negro may not be useless. It may make them contented on a slow-going train. To be sure, the old negro had run away from the Union army, about the time of the capture of Fort Donelson—a proceeding not to be approved; but supposing he had run away from the Hudson River Railroad cars, his philosophy would not be much at fault!

"Were you in the fight, Sam?" inquired a white man of the colored veteran.

"Had a little taste of it, Sah."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, Sah: I runs."

"Run at the first fire?"

"Yes, Sah; and would hab run sooner had I know'd it was coming."

"Why, that wasn't creditable to your courage!"

"Dat isn't my line, Sah. Cookin's my profession."

"But your reputation?"

"Reputation's nothing to me by the side of life. Life is worth more dan all dis world; for what would dat be worth to a man wid de bref out of him? Self-preserbashun am de fust law wid me, Sah."

"But traitors might have broken up the Government without resistance; and even if you were killed your company would have scarcely missed you."

"Maybe not, Sah. But I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

If "self-preserbashun," rather than speed and money, were the "fust law" with railroad and steamboat managers and passengers, the list of "casualties" would be diminished.

A destructive fire recently occurred at Hunter's Point. An explosion, caused probably by a lighted lamp, took place on the brig *Huntington*, which was loaded with petroleum. The brig was entirely consumed, and some lives lost. The pier also took fire, and an immense quantity of oil which was there stored, and a large kerosene warehouse in the vicinity, were destroyed.

Those interested in the important matter of obtaining pure water for domestic use, and desirous of knowing what kind of pipe has the approval of scientific men, can not do better than to examine the report of Messrs. Colwells, Shaw, and Willard, manufacturers of the "Lead-Incased Block-tin Pipe." This pipe consists of two, the inner one of pure block-tin being covered with lead, and both so thoroughly soldered together that their separation or secession is regarded as impossible. Among the many who have examined and approved it are Professor Doremus, Professor Draper, Professor Chandler, of the School of Mines; Professor Booth, of the United States Mint; Professor Silliman, of Yale College; and numerous medical and scientific men. Professor Doremus says of it: "After repeated examinations and analyses of the inner surface of your incased block-tin pipe, I found no exposure, not even at the joints, for galvanic action; hence it is as safe as a pipe constructed wholly of tin." Dr. Pohlé states that the pipe thus constructed, and when used as a conduit for water, is no more liable to galvanic action than if made of tin alone. Benjamin S. Church, Esq., Assistant Engineer of Croton Water-Works, declares the union of the tin and lead is so complete that it is quite impossible for the moisture to get between to form galvanic currents. Dr. Antisell and Professor Everett give it as their opinion that galvanic action is impossible in the lead-incased block-tin pipe. The testimony of practical analytical chemists is ample to satisfy those who have had doubts whether any new invention was essentially better than the old-fashioned lead-pipe, which has been proved to impregnate the water with salts of lead. As there is no practical mechanical difficulty in working the incased tin-pipe, it is to be hoped that the time may soon come when the public may be relieved from the apprehension of being slowly poisoned by the use of Nature's beverage.

Matrimonial advertisements are not popular in Saxony. Recently a young man in Leipsic requested through the newspapers young ladies who wished to marry him to correspond with him, and he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

During the darkest hours of the first day's fighting at Pittsburg Landing, April 6, 1862, Major-General Don Carlos Buell arrived on the field. He had ridden in advance of his own army a long distance. Seeing the desperate state of affairs, he asked Grant:

"What preparations have you made to secure your retreat, General?"

"We shall not retreat, Sir."

"But it is possible," added Buell; "and a prudent General always provides for contingencies."

"Well, there are the boats," said Grant.

"The boats!" said Buell. "But they will not hold over 10,000 men, and we have 30,000.

"They will hold more than we shall retreat with. We shall whip them yet," was Grant's characteristic reply.

A treaty has lately been entered into between our country and Madagascar. The object is to secure closer relations of commerce and friendship. Citizens of the United States will, while in Madagascar, enjoy the privilege of a free and unmolested exercise of Christian religion and its customs. New places of worship, however, will not be built by them without the permission of the Government. Commerce will be perfectly free with all the privileges under which the most favored nations are now or may hereafter be trading. The details of the treaty tend to secure the rights of both contracting parties.

The Chicago *Times* states that the lives and likenesses of one hundred and ten of the leading citizens of Chicago have been published by an enterprising concern in that city, in a volume of seven hundred pages, at $20; also an edition without the portraits at $7 50. It may be presumed that somebody will before long publish the "lives and likenesses" of the remainder of the "leading citizens" of Chicago.

An instance of unusual faithfulness and perseverance is that of a carrier of the New York *Sun*, who has not failed to go through his route a single day in seventeen years. Last winter he was very ill, and the doctors told him it would be dangerous to expose himself; but though he fainted twice one morning before daylight, wading through the snow and slush with his load of papers, he came to again and performed his task.

Steinway Hall is greatly improved, and will now be a delightful concert hall. The stage and its accessories have been altered, the organ is concealed by a handsome screen, and a private box on the opposite side preserves the symmetry of the whole. Busts of Beethoven and Mozart, and two statues, representing Poetry and Music, are on either side. The latter were imported from Berlin, and are very beautiful. The ceiling is frescoed, and appropriate ornamentation has been artistically made. Additional lights have been placed in the Hall, and a new system of ventilation adopted.

DUCK-SHOOTING.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 729.]

THE HEBREW TEMPLE EMANU-EL.

This temple, situated at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street, New York city, was consecrated on the 11th of September. It is considered one of the finest specimens of church architecture in this country. It belongs to the Moorish style. The corner-stone was laid in October, 1866, and it took nearly two years to complete the structure. The design of this edifice, and the perfection and delicacy with which the details have been executed, do credit to the genius and taste of Leopold Eidlitz, the architect, who has, while adopting the Saracenic style, yet allowed himself much freedom in the composition of his design. The walls and ornamental work are of light freestone. The building contains 1800 seats on the main floor and 500 in the gallery. The colors in the decorations are red, blue, yellow, white, and gold, and the effect is most brilliant. The ceilings are of a deep blue, set with diamonds of stars. The gilding is profuse. When illuminated by its five hundred jets of gas the interior of the edifice presents a splendid appearance. This building cost upward of $800,000.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Vesuvius is again in a state of volcanic activity. A considerable flow of lava has taken place and a violent eruption is apprehended.

The announcement of an approaching eruption of this mountain, which has already been twice in eruption within the past twelve months, indicates an unusual activity in the South European volcanic district. It is a remarkable circumstance that the temporary cessation in the action of Mount Vesuvius, which since the end of August has done nothing but fume and grumble, has been marked by the occurrence of several earthquakes in the south of Europe. Two shocks were experienced in Gibraltar; then a large portion of Turkey was shaken, and, lastly, a sharp shock was experienced in Malta. These disturbances following each other within so short a space of time suffice to confirm the opinion that the subterranean forces whose effects have been experienced from time to time over a district extending from the Canaries and Azores across the whole basin of the Mediterranean into Syria, form a single system, of which Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli, and the volcanoes of the Grecian Archipelago are the outlets. We do not remember any former instance in which the evidence has been so decisive. The fact that Ischia and Vesuvius are intimately associated with Stromboli and Etna had been confirmed by several striking phenomena. When Ischia was in full activity before the great outburst of Vesuvius in 79 the fires of Etna had seemed to be gradually expiring, insomuch that it was ranked by Seneca among extinct volcanoes. But during the long interval of rest which Vesuvius experienced before the great eruption of 1500, Etna was in a state of unusual activity, a circumstance which Sir Charles Lyell considers to indicate that "the great Sicilian volcano sometimes serves as a channel of discharge to elastic fluids and lava that would otherwise rise to the vents in Campania." But although such facts as these had been noticed, and the connection of the Italian with the Archipelagic and Syrian volcanoes had been suspected by many geologists and seismologists, yet we do not remember any former instance in which the temporary quiescence of Vesuvius has been followed by earthquakes occurring in portions of the South European volcanic system so widely separated as Turkey, Malta, and Vesuvius.

It is worthy of notice that from the time of the great eruption of 79 Vesuvius had been in activity only at distant intervals until the eruption of 1666. In 1631, indeed, it seems as if the mountain were gradually assuming the condition of an extinct volcano. At that time Bracini wrote as follows: "The crater of Vesuvius is five miles in circumference, and about a thousand paces deep; its sides are covered with brushwood, and at the bottom there is a plain on which cattle graze. In the woody parts wild boars frequently harbor." One is reminded by this description of the condition of the mountain before the convulsions which preceded the eruption of 79. At that time the mountain presented so small an appearance of activity that the bands of slaves and pirates which flocked to the standard of Spartacus found refuge within the very crater of the sleeping volcano. In December, 1631, the mountain behaved much in the same way as in 79. It first blew away, by a violent eruption, the covering of rocks and cinders which had supported the woods and pastures described by Bracini. Then seven enormous streams of lava poured from the crater. Resina, built over the site of Herculaneum, was entirely destroyed; and torrents of mud, caused by heavy showers of rain which fell on the heaps of ashes and volcanic dust around the cone, effected an amount of destruction scarcely less terrible than that which resulted from the lava streams.

But since the eruption of 1666 Vesuvius has scarcely ever been at rest for ten years together. Many of the eruptions also which have occurred during the last two hundred years have been as remarkable as any which took place before the eruption of 1666. In the great eruption of 1779 molten lava was propelled vertically upward to a height of at least 10,000 feet. According to the account of Sir William Hamilton, Vesuvius was surmounted continually by what appeared as an enormous column of fire, the heat of which was distinctly perceptible at a distance of at least six miles on every side. Equally remarkable, but quite different in character, was the great eruption of 1793. In place of lava streams millions of red-hot stones were propelled into the air. Dr. Clarke relates that these stones reached a height at least equal to half that of the cone itself. Enormous masses of white smoke were vomited forth by the disturbed mountain, and, gathering themselves together at a height of several thousand feet above the cone, they formed a huge and resplendent canopy, constantly illuminated by the glowing fires within the mountain, and seeming to open from time to time to hurl down dark streams of volcanic dust and vapor, mixed with cascades of red-hot rocks and scoriæ. In the great eruption of 1822, so enormous a mass of earth and rock was propelled from the crater that an abyss was formed extending for 2000 feet into the very heart of the mountain. The same eruption flung down the whole of the upper part of the cone, so that the mountain was reduced in height by about one-fifth.

In the eruption which took place twelve years ago lava poured down the slopes of Vesuvius for three weeks together. A river of molten lava swept away the village of Cercolo, and streamed nearly to the sea-shore at Ponte Maddaloni. Ten small craters were formed within the principal one. In the eruption of last winter these ten craters united into one, and continued pressure from beneath actually converted this crater into a cone within the great exterior crater. This cone rose gradually until it reached beyond the rim of the crater, and then the molten matter of which it consisted poured in streams down the slopes of the mountain.

After this tremendous outburst a long interval of rest was anticipated; but the mountain continued to fume and mutter as if its pent-up forces had but half found relief. At length, on June 13, the cone began to show signs of renewed activity, flinging out large quantities of basaltic stones. Nine days later Vesuvius was so violently shaken that the inhabitants passed the night in the open air, fearing lest they should be crushed beneath the ruins of their houses. The throes of the mountain grew gradually more violent, and the quantity of erupted matter (chiefly basalt stone) greater until the beginning of July. The cone was rent in several places by the violence of the mountain's internal throes. The disturbance continued throughout the whole of July; and, after a fortnight's rest, began again and lasted until toward the end of August. Since then the mountain, as we have said, has been comparatively at rest; but Gibraltar, Turkey, and Malta have been shaken by more or less violent earthquakes. It seems that the mountain has not yet vomited forth the elastic gases which have been disturbing its repose during the past year; and we shall, in all probability, soon witness a renewal of the energetic eruptive processes which prevailed last year at the corresponding season.

DUCK-SHOOTING.

This sport is not confined to any particular section of our country, for the inland lakes and streams furnish as good a shooting-ground as the favorite shores of the Chesapeake. We have in this country as many as thirty different varieties of duck.

The ducking season is at its height in November and December, but the game-laws of the different States permit this shooting from the 15th of August until the 1st of February, and then only in what is known as a sportsmanlike manner. That is to say, only with a gun which may be raised to the shoulder, and from an artificial blind or brush screen, not more than one hundred yards from the shore.

This is to prevent what is known and despised by every honest sportsman, namely, Pot-hunting—a method of slaughtering ducks in vogue among market-men and others to whom ducks mean dollars, and not sport.

The game-laws of the State of Delaware, and some other sea-board States, forbid citizens of other States from shooting on their waters under penalty of a heavy fine and forfeiture of boats, tackle, and sporting implements.

To the sportsman who delights in duck-shooting the shores of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries afford peculiar facilities. During certain seasons of the year vast numbers of ducks of different varieties are in the habit of resorting to this locality. In no other section of the United States is this peculiar branch of the sportsman's pursuit followed with greater vigor and

THE HEBREW TEMPLE EMANU-EL, CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK CITY.
[Photographed by Rockwood.]

success. In fact, so famed for quality and quantity of game has this spot become that nearly the whole of both shores of Chesapeake Bay and its inlets has been portioned off in sections, and either bought or leased by numerous Ducking Clubs for the more convenient and profitable following of their favorite amusement. Most of these clubs have built upon their grounds spacious and comfortable club-buildings for the accommodation of the members and their many visitors and friends. As represented in the larger sketch in the illustration, a long pier is constructed running out into the bay, at right-angles with the shore. At the end of this causeway is placed transversely a structure resembling a long wooden box to contain the sportsmen who are waiting the approach of the unwary and deluded fowl. When the season for the shooting is at hand this whole structure is disguised by branches of evergreen trees, which are tied at intervals along the causeway and around the "blind," as it is termed. A number of decoy-ducks are anchored off the end of the structure, which attract the passing flocks, the individuals of which suppose this assemblage to indicate a good feeding-ground. Taking the "blind" to be simply a point of land the ducks fly toward the decoys, and only discover their mistake when they are within reach of the guns. They endeavor to fly past, but invariably leave many of their number behind them. The dogs are concealed within the "blind," and so well trained are these sagacious animals that they will not stir until the proper moment for them to dart into the water and bring the struggling victims to the shore. Sometimes the duck is wounded only in the wing, and falling to the water is enabled to swim off faster than the dogs are capable of doing in pursuit of them. At such a moment the boats come into requisition, and many a "lame duck" is thus secured. The clubs have the most rigid rules regarding the choice of position, the division of the spoils, and other matters, which are invariably observed. The sport begins about the 1st of October and continues with intervals until April. During the extreme cold weather, when the bay is much blocked with ice, the ducks go further south. The shooting for the markets is carried on principally at Havre-de-Grace. Men have frequently shot over 150 ducks in one day, and a club of 30 or 40 men will capture at times three or four thousand in a single day. Much of the excellence of the sport depends upon the direction of the wind. The shore upon which it is blowing will receive the great proportion of the game, as ducks fly with the wind. Frequently, therefore, while the men upon one shore will not be able to capture a single fowl the men upon another shore will be abundantly supplied with sport. The gun used throughout this section is the M'Comas gun, manufactured by A. M'Comas, Baltimore. The clubs, as may be supposed, take great interest in their respective shores, and vie with each other in their attentions and hospitality to visitors. The "shore" which we have here illustrated belongs to the "Japanese Ducking Club."

THE BROKEN MUG.

La Napoule is, it is true, but a small village on the sea-shore; nevertheless, it is well known in Provence. It is surrounded by lofty palm-trees and dark orange groves; but to this it does not owe its celebrity. It is said that the most juicy grapes, the sweetest roses, and the prettiest girls in the world grow there. I can not speak from experience; but I believe it, and can only say, that it is a pity that La Napoule does not produce a greater quantity of juicy grapes, sweet roses, and pretty girls, as in that case some of them would certainly have reached us.

As the women of La Napoule have been celebrated for their beauty ever since the village was built, little Marriette must have been the eighth wonder of the world, for even the chronicle makes mention of her. She was called, it is true, "Little Marriette;" and yet she was as tall as girls of seventeen generally are, that is, her forehead reached exactly to the lips of a grown-up man.

The chronicle of La Napoule had good reasons for mentioning Marriette. In the chronicle's place I should have acted in the same manner, for Marriette (who, with her mother, Manon, had hitherto resided in Avignon), when she returned to her native village, almost turned it upside down. Not exactly the houses, but the heads of the people, and especially of those whose heads and hearts are always in danger when in the vicinity of a pair of expressive eyes. I speak from experience, and know that in such a case it is no joke.

Madame Manon would, perhaps, have done better had she remained in Avignon; but she had inherited in La Napoule some land and vineyards, together with a pretty house sheltered by a rock, and surrounded by olive-trees and African acacias. This was not to be rejected by a poor widow, and in her own opinion she was now as rich and happy as if she were Countess of Provence.

The good people of La Napoule did not fare so well on the occasion; but they foresaw no mischief, and from never having read Homer, they were not aware that a pretty woman once roused all Greece and Asia Minor to arms.

Before Marriette had lived a fortnight in the house surrounded by olive-trees and African acacias, every young man in La Napoule knew that the most charming girl in Provence dwelt there.

When, looking like an angel in disguise, she walked through the village with her waving petticoat, pale green bodice, with a bouquet of orange blossoms and rose-buds in the front of it, and her lovely face shaded by her gray hat trimmed with flowers and streamers of ribbon, then the old became eloquent, and the young became dumb. And doors and windows were opened one after another as she passed, in order to say "Good-morning," or "Good-evening, Marriette!" and she smiled and nodded right and left.

When Marriette entered the church all hearts (that is, the hearts of the young men) were turned from heaven, all eyes from the saints, and fingers became entangled in the rosary. That must have been a great offense to the religious people; and the young girls of La Napoule must have been at that time especially pious, for they were the most scandalized on the occasion. And one can scarcely blame them; for, from the time of Marriette's arrival, more than one intended had grown cool, and more than one lover faithless. There were quarrels and reproaches—tears and refusals. Instead of weddings broken-off matches became the subject of conversation. Pledges of faith, rings, and ribbons were reciprocally returned. The old people took up the quarrels of their children, and dissension reigned in every house. It was a lamentable state of affairs.

Marriette is altogether to blame, said the young girls; first their mothers agreed with them, then their fathers; and at last even the young men were of the same opinion.

But Marriette, in her modesty and innocence, like a rose-bud in its dark green calix, little suspecting the mischief she was doing, continued courteous to all. This first excited the compassion of the young men, and they exclaimed, "Why should we vex the sweet, harmless child? She is not to blame!" The fathers said the same thing, then the mothers, and at last even the pious young girls. For no one could converse with Marriette without liking her; and before six months had elapsed every one had spoken to her, and every one loved her.

She was now, however, not aware of how much she was liked, and before she had been quite unconscious that any one hated her. How little the so-often-trampled-upon violet suspects its value!

The inhabitants of La Napoule now endeavored to atone for their injustice, and Marriette was greeted every where with smiles, and invited to all their dances and rural amusements.

But the hearts of some men, far from being endowed with compassionate feelings, are hardened like that of Pharaoh.

A memorable example of such hardness of heart was young Colin, the richest proprietor and farmer in La Napoule, whose vineyards, olive gardens, lemon and orange groves, were so extensive that one could scarcely walk through them all in one day. What alone proves the natural hardness of his heart is this fact, that he had already attained the age of seven-and-twenty without having ever inquired why women were created!

It is true that many persons (especially ladies who had arrived at a certain age) considered Colin the best young man under the sun. His figure, his unrestrained manner, his look, his smile had the good fortune to please the aforementioned fair ones. But the decisions of such judges are not always to be depended upon.

While old and young had become reconciled to the innocent Marriette, Colin alone continued to feel no compassion for the poor girl. If the conversation turned upon Marriette he became silent as the grave. If he met her on the road he grew alternately pale and red from indignation, and cast furious sidelong looks at her.

When the young people assembled in the evening at the ruins of the castle on the sea-shore, in order to sing, dance, or play some merry game, Colin never failed to make one of the party; but the moment Marriette appeared the malicious Colin became silent, and all the money in the world would not have induced him to sing another note. It was such a pity, for his voice was so sweet that every one listened to him with pleasure; and his songs were inexhaustible.

All the girls liked Colin, and he was civil to them all. He had a roguish look that maidens both fear and love; and when he smiled one would have wished to make him sit for his portrait. But, naturally, the often insulted Marriette never looked at him, and therein she was perfectly right. It was a matter of indifference to her whether he smiled or not; and, as to his roguish looks, she would not even hear of them; and there again she was right. If he related an anecdote, just when all were listening attentively she commenced teasing her neighbors; threw weeds sometimes at Peter, sometimes at Paul; and laughed and chatted instead of listening. This vexed the proud gentleman, and he generally broke off in the middle of his story and walked gloomily away.

Revenge is sweet; and Madame Manon's daughter might have felt triumphant; but Marriette was too good, and too tender-hearted. When he ceased speaking she was grieved; if he looked melancholy her laugh was hushed; if he withdrew she did not remain long; and, arrived at home, she wept bitter tears of repentance.

Father Jerome, the priest of La Napoule, an old man of seventy, had all the virtues of a saint, and but one defect; namely, in consequence of his advanced age he was very deaf. This defect, however, did not cause his sermons to be the less edifying to his congregation, and he was always listened to with attention. It is true he had only two texts, upon which he preached as invariably as if his whole religion consisted therein. Either "Little children, love one another," or "Wonderful are the dispensations of Heaven." They contained, however, so much faith, hope, and charity that one might, if driven to extremities, be saved by them. The little children loved one another most obediently, and waited for the dispensations of Heaven; but his sermons had no effect upon Colin with his heart of flint, who, when he appeared to be well-disposed, had always some evil design.

The Fair of Vence is a great source of amusement to the inhabitants of La Napoule, who, although they may not have money to purchase much, see at least a great variety of merchandise.

Marriette and her mother went to the fair; and Colin was also there. He purchased various nick-nacks and bonbons for his fair acquaintances, but not the most trifling thing for Marriette. And yet he was perpetually at her heels. He did not speak to her, nor she to him, and it was evident to every one that he was brooding mischief.

Madame Manon, stopping suddenly at a shop, exclaimed, "Oh, Marriette, look at that beautiful mug! A queen would not disdain to put it to her lips. Do look! the brim is glittering gold; and the flowers, although they are merely painted, are more beautiful than any that we have in our garden; and Paradise in the centre! Only look, Marriette, at the apples hanging from the trees, that almost make one's mouth water! And pretty Eve offers one to Adam, who can not resist tasting it. And look how charmingly the little lamb skips round the old tiger! and how the white dove with its green neck is perched opposite the vulture, as if they were about to bill and coo!"

Marriette could not sufficiently admire it. "Oh! mother," she exclaimed, "if I had such a mug I would not drink out of it; it is too beautiful! I would fill it with flowers, and fix my eyes constantly on the Garden of Eden. We are in the fair, and yet, when I look at that picture, I feel as if I were in Paradise."

So saying, Marriette called her young companions, others followed, and ere long half of the inhabitants of La Napoule were standing opposite the beautiful mug. The price was timidly asked. The shopman answered, a hundred livres; whereupon they all walked silently away.

When there were no longer any of the inhabitants of La Napoule near the shop, Colin stole up to it, threw a hundred livres on the counter, laid the mug in a box filled with cotton, and carried it off. His malicious plan was unknown to any one.

On his way home, in the dusk of the evening, not far from La Napoule, he met old Jacques, the servant of the judge. Jacques was as good a fellow as ever lived, but as stupid as an ass.

"I shall give you a franc, Jacques," said Colin, "if you will leave this box at Madame Manon's house. Should any one inquire who sent it, say a stranger gave it to you. I shall never forgive you if you betray my name."

Jacques promised to attend to his direction, took the money and the box, and walked toward the house surrounded by olive-trees and African acacias.

Before Jacques had reached his destination he met his master, Judge Hautmartin, who said to him, "What have you got there?"

"A box for Madame Manon, but I dare not tell you, Sir, from whom it comes."

"Why not?"

"Because M. Colin said that 'he would never forgive me if I betrayed him.'"

"It is a good thing that you can keep a secret; but as it is so late you had better give me the box. I am going to-morrow, at all events, to Madame Manon, and I shall execute the commission without betraying M. Colin. It will prevent your having to go out of your way."

Jacques, accustomed to obey his master implicitly, delivered up the box, which the judge carried immediately into his house, and commenced examining it with the greatest curiosity. On the lid was nicely written with red chalk: "For the amiable and beloved Marriette."

M. Hautmartin knew well, however, that this was only waggery on Colin's part, and that there was some wicked trick in it. He accordingly opened the box with great precaution, fearing that either a rat or a mouse might be concealed in it; but when he had caught a glimpse of the beautiful mug that he had seen that morning at Vence, he was petrified.

For M. Hautmartin was a man who was quite as well versed in justice as in injustice. He perceived immediately that Colin's design was to injure Marriette by asserting, when the mug was in her possession, that it was the gift of some favored lover in the town, and thereby cause her to be shunned by all honest people.

To prevent all evil insinuations, the judge resolved to acknowledge himself as the donor. He was in love with Marriette, and would have been well pleased had she acted more in accordance with Father Jerome's text: "Little children, love one another!"

M. Hautmartin was, to be sure, a child of fifty, and in Marriette's opinion the text was no longer applicable to him. Madame Manon, on the contrary, considered him a very sensible child, who, besides being rich, was the most important person in La Napoule. When the judge spoke of marriage, and when Marriette ran away in horror, Madame Manon remained quietly on her chair, and was not in the least degree afraid of the tall venerable gentleman. To do him justice, he had no personal defect; and although Colin was the handsomest man in the village, M. Hautmartin had the advantage of him in two particulars—namely, in years, and in the possession of a large, of an enormous nose. This nose, which, like a courier, always preceded him, in order to announce his approach, was positively an elephant among the noses of mankind.

With this elephant, his good intentions, and the mug, the judge went the next morning to the house surrounded by olive-trees and African acacias.

"Nothing appears to me too costly for the lovely Marriette," said he; "you admired this mug yesterday at the fair. Permit me, charming Marriette, to lay it and my enamored heart at your feet."

Madame Manon and Marriette were astonished and delighted when they saw the mug. Madame Manon's eyes sparkled with pleasure; but Marriette, turning to the judge, said: "I can not accept of either your heart or your mug." Her mother became furious, and exclaimed: "I shall, however, accept of both. Oh, you little fool, for whom are you waiting? Do you reject the Judge of La Napoule in the expectation that a Count of Provence will make you his bride? I know better what is for your advantage. M. Hautmartin, I shall consider it an honor to be able to call you my son-in-law."

Marriette walked out of the room weeping bitterly, and detesting in her heart the beautiful mug.

The judge stroked his nose with the palm of his hand, and wisely observed: "Madame Manon, do not be too precipitate; the little dove will acquiesce when it knows me better. I am not impatient. I understand womankind, and I feel convinced that, before three months have elapsed, I shall have crept into Marriette's heart."

"His nose is much too long for that!" whispered Marriette, who stood listening at the door. And, in fact, three months passed away without M. Hautmartin's having forced even the end of his nose into her heart.

But during these three months Marriette had enough to occupy her mind. The mug, and something besides, caused her a great deal of annoyance.

The mug formed the subject of conversation for a fortnight in La Napoule. Every one said that it was a present of the judge's, and that all things were arranged for the wedding. The more solemnly Marriette assured her young companions that she would rather throw herself into the sea than marry the judge, the more they persisted in teasing, by saying: "Oh, how blessed it will be to repose under the shadow of his nose!" This was the first annoyance.

Then Madame Manon was so barbarous as to force Marriette to wash the mug every morning at the fountain, and to fill it with fresh flowers. She hoped thereby to accustom her daughter to the mug, and the love of the donor; but Marriette continued to hate both the gift and the giver, and she considered her employment at the fountain an actual punishment. Annoyance the second.

Then regularly, twice a week, she found on the rock, beside the fountain, a bouquet of the choicest flowers, appearing to have been arranged expressly for the beautiful mug. There was also a slip of paper twisted round the stalks of the flowers, upon which was written "Dear Marriette." Now Marriette was not such a fool as to believe that there were still fairies and magicians in the world. Consequently the flowers had been left there by Judge Hautmartin. Marriette would not even smell them because they had been contaminated by the breath from his nostrils; but she took them because they were prettier than wild flowers. The slip of paper she tore into a thousand pieces, and scattered it over the spot where the flowers had been laid. But this did not vex M. Hautmartin in the least, for his love was as immeasurably great after its kind as his nose after its kind. Annoyance the third.

At last, however, in the course of conversation with the judge, she discovered that he was not the donor of the flowers. Who could it be? Marriette was astonished when she made this unhoped-for discovery, and from that time forward she took the flowers with much more pleasure from the rock, but—Who had left them there? Marriette became (a most unusual thing for a young girl) very curious. She guessed first one, then another, young man in La Napoule, but it was not to be guessed. She watched and listened until late at night; she rose earlier in the morning; but she watched and listened in vain. And yet, twice a week, the miraculous flowers lay upon the rock, and on the slip of paper that was wound round them she read the silent sigh addressed to her: "Dear Marriette!" This was sufficient to have excited the curiosity of the most indifferent person. Unsatisfied curiosity, however, becomes at last positive torture. Annoyance the fourth.

On Sunday Father Jerome again preached upon the text: "Wonderful are the dispensations of Heaven;" and Marriette hoped that, by some wonderful dispensation, she would be enabled to discover the donor of the flowers. Father Jerome, thought she, is always right.

One summer's night Marriette was awakened by the oppressive heat, and could not go to sleep again. No sooner did she perceive the first rosy tints of the morning appearing above the surface of the sea than she joyfully sprang out of bed, and, having dressed herself, she went out to wash her face and hands at the fountain. She took her straw-hat with her, as she intended to saunter for an hour on the sea-shore, and perhaps bathe in a secluded spot that she had discovered.

But in order to get to the secluded spot it was necessary to ascend the rock at the back of the house, and thence descending to pass by some pomegranate and palm trees. On this occasion Marriette could not pass by; for under the youngest of the palm-trees lay a young man fast asleep, and beside him lay a bouquet of the most beautiful flowers. She also saw a piece of paper twisted round the stalks, which probably contained an address to her. How could Marriette pass by?

She stood still, and trembled from head to foot. Then she determined to return home; but before she had gone many steps she stopped, and looked back at the sleeper. But at a distance his face could not be recognized: now or never was the secret to be discovered. She again tripped lightly toward the palm-tree; but the sleeper appeared to move, and she again ran away. The movement, however, had been mere imagination on her part, and she again approached the tree. Could it be possible that he is pretending to be asleep? thought she, again running toward home. But who would run away on ac-

count of a mere possibility? She commenced her journey to the palm-tree with renewed courage.

During this wavering of her mind, between curiosity and fear—this tripping backward and forward between the house and the palm-tree—she had advanced each time some steps nearer the sleeper, for curiosity was overcoming her fear.

"Of what consequence is it to me whether he be asleep or awake? The path leads past him, and I merely pass by." So thought Marriette; but, instead of passing by, she stopped in order to examine the sleeper's face, and put an end to all uncertainty concerning the donor of the flowers. He meanwhile continued sleeping as soundly as if he had not closed his eyes for a month before. And who was it—who else could it be—but the reprobate Colin?

And so he it was, who, by sending the mug, had caused the poor girl so much annoyance, and had involved her in the vexatious affair with M. Hautmartin: he it was who had teased her by leaving the flowers on the rock, in order to excite her curiosity. And why? Because he hated Marriette, and treated her on all occasions in the most unpardonable manner. Whenever it was possible he avoided her; but if that was not in his power, he made a point of doing something to annoy her. There was no girl in La Napoule to whom he was not more civil and obliging than to Marriette. Only think! he had never asked her to dance with him, and she danced beautifully.

There he lay now, caught, betrayed. Revenge took possession of Marriette's breast. How could she insult him? She took the bouquet, unfastened it, and strewed the flowers with just indignation over the sleeper. But the slip of paper, upon which "Dear Marriette!" was written, she stuck hurriedly into her bosom. She wished to preserve this proof of his handwriting for future occasions. Marriette was sly. She now thought of going away. But she was not sufficiently revenged: she could not bring herself to leave the spot without having paid Colin in his own coin. Accordingly she took the violet-colored ribbon from her hat, twisted it lightly round the sleeper's arm, and tied Colin, with three knots, fast to the palm-tree. When he awakes how astonished he will be! How tortured by curiosity to know who has played him such a trick! *That* he could not possibly discover, and so much the better. He deserved it.

Marriette was only too merciful to him. No sooner had she carried her plan into execution than she began to repent of what she had done. Her bosom heaved impetuously, and I believe even a tear stood in her eye as she looked compassionately at the criminal. She walked slowly back toward the pomegranate-trees, and often looked round while slowly ascending the rock. Then, hearing her mother's voice, she hurried home.

That very day Colin played another trick. What did he do? He resolved to put poor Marriette to the blush. Alas! it had not occurred to her that her violet-colored ribbon was known to every one in La Napoule! Colin knew it only too well. He wound it round his hat, and displayed it every where as a trophy. Every one exclaimed, "It has been given him by Marriette!" And all the young girls exclaimed, "The villain!" and all the young men, who liked Marriette, exclaimed, "The villain!"

"What, Madame Manon!" shouted Judge Hautmartin, as he entered her house, and he shouted so loud that his words were echoed marvelously in his nose. "What! is it possible that you have allowed my intended bride to give her hat-ribbon to farmer Colin? It is high time to solemnize our marriage. When that has taken place I shall have a right to dictate."

"I quite agree with you," replied Madame Manon. "If matters have come to that, we must have the wedding immediately. That will put an end to all such nonsense."

"But, Madame Manon, your daughter perseveres in refusing my proposal."

"Prepare the marriage-feast!"

"But she has not given me one kind look; and if I sit down beside her, the little wild thing jumps up and runs away."

"M. Hautmartin, prepare the marriage-feast!"

"But if Marriette will not consent?"

"We shall take her by surprise. The ceremony shall be performed on Monday by Father Jerome. We shall easily induce him to consent; for I am Marriette's mother, and you are the person of the greatest authority in La Napoule. She must obey. But Marriette must not know any thing about our plan. I shall send her early on Monday morning to deliver a parcel to Father Jerome, in order that she may not suspect any thing; and he must endeavor to persuade her to comply with our wishes. Half an hour afterward we shall make our appearance, and then, without a moment's delay, to the altar. And even if Marriette answer *No*, instead of Yes, it will be of no consequence, for the old gentleman can not hear. But do not say a word on the subject to Marriette or any one in La Napoule."

Thus the affair was arranged between them. Marriette little dreamed of the happiness that awaited her. She could think of nothing but Colin's cruelty in having made her a subject of conversation for the whole village. But however bitterly she may have repented her indiscretion with respect to the ribbon, in her heart she forgave the miscreant. Marriette was much too good-natured. She said to her mother and her young companions, "Colin found my ribbon; I did not give it to him. He is now trying to vex me about it. You know he has always endeavored to annoy me whenever he had an opportunity!"

Alas! the poor girl little knew that the malicious wretch was meditating new enormities.

The next morning Marriette carried the mug as usual to the fountain. No flowers lay upon the rock; but it was too early, for the sun was only beginning to make its appearance above the surface of the sea.

Soon afterward she heard the sound of footsteps, and looking up she beheld Colin with the flowers in his hand. Marriette blushed deeply. Colin stammered, "Good-morning, Marriette!" But the salutation did not come from his heart; he uttered it with difficulty.

"Why do you wear my ribbon so publicly, Colin?" said Marriette, as she placed the mug on the rock. "You know I did not give it to you."

"You did not give it to me, dear Marriette?" inquired he, growing pale from suppressed rage.

Marriette, ashamed of having told a falsehood, cast down her eyes, and said, after a pause, "Well, I did give it to you, but you ought not to have exhibited it. I request that you will return it to me."

While slowly taking it off his hat, his vexation was so great that he could neither suppress a sigh which rose from his breast, nor conceal a tear which stood in his eye.

"Dear Marriette, allow me to keep your ribbon?" said he, softly.

"No!" answered she.

Thereupon his rancor turned to despair. Looking first with a sigh toward heaven, then gloomily at Marriette, who stood with downcast eyes quietly and innocently at the fountain, he wound the violet-colored ribbon around the bouquet, and exclaiming, "There, you have all!" he dashed the flowers so spitefully against the beautiful mug, that it fell from the rock and was broken to pieces. He then ran exultingly away.

Madame Manon, who had been listening behind the window, had seen and heard all that had passed. When the mug was broken she was so horrified that she lost her sight, hearing, and almost her speech. While squeezing herself through the narrow lattice, in order to pursue the criminal, the mouldering stones in the wall gave way, and the window frame, falling with a terrific crash on the ground, was broken to pieces.

So many misfortunes at once would have caused any other woman to have lost her presence of mind; but Madame Manon quickly recovered herself. "What a fortunate circumstance that I witnessed his violence!" exclaimed she. "He must appear before the judge, and he shall pay the weight of the mug and window in gold. That will pay for your trousseau, Marriette!" But when her daughter brought her the fragments of the mug—when she saw Paradise Lost, Adam without a head, and nothing remaining of Eve but her legs; the serpent triumphing unhurt, the tiger uninjured; but that the little lamb had disappeared even to its tail, just as if the tiger had swallowed it—then Madame Manon broke out into imprecations against Colin, and concluded by saying, "It is quite evident that it was broken by the devil."

With Marriette and the broken mug Madame Manon betook herself to Judge Hautmartin at the ninth hour, that being his appointed time for sitting in judgment. Exhibiting the broken mug and Paradise Lost, she vociferously made her complaint. Marriette wept bitterly.

When the judge saw the broken mug, and when he saw his betrothed in tears, he was filled with such just indignation against Colin that his nose became the same violet color as Marriette's renowned hat ribbon; and he instantly dispatched bailiffs to summon the transgressor.

Colin arrived, looking very much vexed. Madame Manon repeated her accusation with considerable eloquence in the presence of the judge, bailiffs, and clerks. But Colin, instead of listening, walked up to Marriette and whispered: "Forgive me, Marriette, as I forgive you. I have only broken your mug unintentionally; but you—you have broken my heart!"

"What is the meaning of all this whispering?" inquired Judge Hautmartin, with judicial dignity. "Listen to the charges that are brought against you, and defend yourself."

"I can not defend myself. I broke the mug without intending to do so," said Colin.

"I almost believe him!" said Marriette, sobbing: "I was as much to blame as he was; for had I not offended and exasperated him, he would not have thrown the flowers and ribbons so inconsiderately. He could not help it."

"Good Heavens!" shrieked Madame Manon, "is the girl going to vindicate him? Judge Hautmartin, do you decide. He has broken the mug, that he does not attempt to deny; and he was the cause of my breaking the window; should he deny that, I can prove it."

"As you can not defend yourself, M. Colin," said the judge, "you must pay three hundred livres for the mug, for that was the value of it; and for—"

"No," interrupted Colin, "it was not worth so much; for when I bought it at the fair for Marriette, I only paid a hundred livres."

"You bought it, Mr. Impudence?" shouted the judge, his whole face becoming the color of Marriette's ribbon. He would have said more had he not been afraid of unpleasant explanations.

But Colin, indignant at the imputation, exclaimed—"I sent your own servant with the mug to Marriette the day of the fair. There he is, standing at the door. He can bear witness. Jacques, did I not give you the box to carry to Madame Manon's?"

Notwithstanding M. Hautmartin's endeavors to interrupt him, the simple Jacques said—"Recollect yourself, Judge Hautmartin; you know you took M. Colin's box from me, and carried the contents yourself to Madame Manon. The box is lying there among your papers."

The bailiffs were ordered to turn simple Jacques out of the room; and Colin was also desired to withdraw until his presence should be required.

"Very well, M. Hautmartin!" said Colin; "depend upon it this is your last trick in La Napoule. Your having endeavored to insinuate yourself into Madame Manon and Marriette's good graces at my expense is not the only transaction that has come to my knowledge. If you want me you had better ride to Grasse and inquire for me at the governor's." So saying, Colin walked away.

The affair had perplexed M. Hautmartin so much that he scarcely knew what he was doing. Madame Manon shook her head; for the affair was beginning to assume a suspicious appearance. "Who is to pay me now for the broken mug?" inquired she.

"I," exclaimed Marriette, with a glowing countenance—"I am almost paid for it."

Colin rode that very day to Grasse, waited on the governor, and returned early the next morning. When M. Hautmartin heard of his having done so, he laughed and lulled all Madame Manon's suspicions by swearing that he would allow his nose to be cut off if Colin had not to pay three hundred livres for the mug. He also went with Madame Manon to Father Jerome to arrange about the wedding, and to enjoin him to impress upon Marriette that it was her duty, as an obedient daughter, not to oppose her mother's wishes. The pious old gentleman promised to do what they desired, although he had not understood the half of what had been shouted in his ear.

As to Marriette, she now, for the first time, valued the broken mug, which she carried into her sleeping apartment; and it seemed to her as if the Paradise that had disappeared from it had been placed in her bosom.

On Monday morning Madame Manon said to her daughter, "Dress yourself nicely, and carry this myrtle wreath to Father Jerome; he wants it for a bride." Marriette put on her holiday dress, took the wreath unsuspiciously, and carried it to Father Jerome.

On the way she met Colin, who saluted her in a friendly manner; and when he heard where she was taking the wreath, he said: "I am going to the same place in order to pay Father Jerome his tithes." As they walked on in silence he took her hand; upon which they both trembled as much as if they had some evil design upon one another.

"Have you forgiven me?" whispered Colin, timidly. "Ah! Marriette, what have I done to cause you to act with such cruelty toward me?"

She could only say, "Never mind, Colin, you shall have the ribbon again; and I shall keep your mug. It was sent by you, was it not?"

"Oh, Marriette! can you doubt it? I should like to give you every thing I possess. Will you in future be kinder in your manner?"

She made no answer; but as they entered the priest's house, she cast a sidelong look at him, and observing a tear standing in his handsome eye, she lisped, "Dear Colin!" He seized her hand, and was in the act of kissing it, when the door of an adjoining room opened, and the venerable Father Jerome stood before them. The young people appeared to have become suddenly giddy, for they held each other fast. I can not tell whether this proceeded from the kissing of the hand, or from veneration for the old man.

Marriette gave the myrtle wreath to Father Jerome, who placed it on her head, saying, "Little children, love one another!" And he then exhorted the good girl in the most impressive and affecting manner to love Colin; for the old gentleman either on account of his deafness had not heard, or in consequence of his failing memory had forgotten the name of the intended, and naturally concluded that Colin was the bridegroom.

On hearing the exhortation of Father Jerome, Marriette was so overcome that she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Alas! I have loved him this long time, but he hates me."

"I hate you, Marriette!" exclaimed Colin. "My soul has been wrapped up in you ever since you came to La Napoule. How could I either hope or believe that you loved me? Are you not adored by every one in the village?"

"Why then, Colin, did you avoid me on all occasions, and show such a decided preference for my companions?"

"Oh, Marriette! whenever I saw you I was overcome by fear, dejection, grief, and love. I had not courage to approach you; and yet when I was not near you I was miserable."

During this conversation Father Jerome, imagining that they were quarreling, put his arm round both, and drawing them together, he said, imploringly, "Little children, love one another!"

Thereupon Marriette sank upon Colin's breast, who clasped her in his arms, and perfect bliss was depicted on their countenances. While Colin pressed his lips to Marriette's pretty mouth, the priest—the whole world—was forgotten. In fact, so completely had they lost their recollection, that they unconsciously followed Father Jerome into the church and up to the altar.

"Marriette!" sighed he.

"Colin!" sighed she.

There were many pious persons praying in the church, who were much astonished when they witnessed the marriage of Colin and Marriette. Many departed before the conclusion of the ceremony, in order to announce the event in La Napoule.

Father Jerome led the bride and bridegroom back to his house, heartily rejoicing that they had made so little opposition, and that he had been able to perform his task with so little difficulty.

Just then Madame Manon arrived, completely out of breath. She had waited at home for the bridegroom, but she had waited in vain; and as the last sound of the church bell died away her anxiety increased to such a degree that she went herself to M. Hautmartin's. There new horrors awaited her; for she was informed that the governor had made his appearance, and having examined the records and accounts of Judge Hautmartin, had placed him immediately under arrest.

"The impious Colin has brought that about!" thought she as she hurried to Father Jerome, in order to make an excuse for the delay of the wedding. The good old man, proud of his work, smiled as he led the new married pair up to her.

Madame Manon really became speechless when she was told what had occurred; but Colin, who had now more use of his tongue than he had had during his whole life, commenced relating all about his love, the broken mug, the duplicity of the judge, and how he had unmasked him in Grasse. He concluded by begging of Madame Manon to give him her blessing; for neither he nor Marriette had been to blame, and what was done could not be undone.

Father Jerome, who for a length of time could not conceive what had happened, was at last made to understand the mistake about the bridegroom; whereupon he folded his hands, and piously raised his eyes to heaven while exclaiming, "Wonderful are the dispensations of Heaven!" Colin and Marriette kissed his hand, and Madame Manon gave the young couple her blessing, remarking, at the same time, that her head was so confused that she did not know what to think of the whole affair. When, however, she discovered the extent of her son-in-law's riches she was quite satisfied with him, especially as M. Hautmartin, together with his nose, had been taken as a prisoner to Grasse.

The broken mug has been preserved as a relic in the family until the present day.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"HUNTING PARTIES"—Mothers with daughters to marry!

A TRUISM FOR THE TIMES.—The Ritualists ought to be Romanists by Rites.

"Waiter, I should like a clean napkin. This looks as though it had been through the dock."

"Can't change, my dear Sir. Always give second-hand napkins with single fish-balls, Sir."

HEARTS AND DEVICES—Valentines!

A "GROUND SWELL"—A "Lord of Acres!"

A little girl wanted to say that she had a fan, but had forgotten what it was called; so she described it as "a thing to brush the warm all off of you with."

YE AGED BACHELOR.

When I remember all
  The girls I've met together,
I feel like a rooster in the Fall
  Exposed to every weather.
I feel like one who treads alone
  Some barn-yard all deserted,
Whose oats are fled—whose hens are dead,
  And off to market started.

"I have come for my umbrella," said the lender of one of these articles, on a rainy day, to his friend. "Can't help that," exclaimed the borrower, "don't you see that I am going out with it?" "Well, yes," replied the lender, astonished at such outrageous impudence; "yes, but—but—but what am I to do?" "Do?" replied the other, as he threw up the top and walked off, "Do as I did—borrow one."

BASE INHOSPITALITY—Turning out your toes.

A REMARKABLE BRIDGE.—An observing man who was traveling on a train noticed a gentleman and lady seated in close juxtaposition, and, judging from their conduct, imagined that they were exceedingly intimate. In front of the comfortable pair sat two Germans. Presently the train passed through a dark bridge. Amidst the rattling of the bridge could be heard a noise that sounded for all the world like a concussion of lips. As the train emerged into daylight, one of the Germans slowly drew his spectacles down over his nose, and exclaimed: "Vell, I tink dish ish a bad bridge. I hears him crack, one, two, three, four times." The lady drew down her veil, and for the trip looked mute and quiet.

THE HONEY-MOON.

LUCY. "Charles, dear!"
CHARLES. "Well, my love."
LUCY. "Will you do me a favor, dear?"
CHARLES. "Surely, love."
LUCY (*timidly*). "Well, Charles, if I might ask you, would you bring home two pounds of country sausages?"

GLASSES ROUND—Those worn in the eye.

SUGGESTION BY A SUFFERER.—Is the operator disposed to be too talkative when you sit down to have your hair cut? As he is sure to ask how you wish it done, you can easily give him a hint by telling him to cut it short.

BUSY INSECTS IN THE CHURCH—Protest-*ants*.

THURRER-BRED HOSS.—A hoss which had his breed improved by means of a sulky, containin a fellow with a long whip, till he ain't worth 18 sents for any purpose except a gambling masheen.

THURRER-BRED GENTLEMEN.—A bob tail cote, a 3 sent paper koller, a white kotten weskit, yaller trowsers whithout any cloth in the legs, shiny leather boots, a pair of yeller gloves, and inside of 'em all, a thing got up in imitashun of a man, but as the kounterfeit detectors say, poorly executed and not kalkulated to deseve. Must swar, drink shampain, and telk horse. Mustash indispensabul, brains onnesessary.

AN APATHETIC MAN.

With smile so faint we know not when we've seen it,
And then inquire if he can really mean it—
Who can not love, whose warmest welcome freezes;
Who can't offend, because he never pleases.

A clergyman says it is curious to note how many people attend a circus "only because they want to please their children; but still more curious to observe that in many instances it takes two or three able-bodied men, with as many women, to look after one little boy or girl."

"What are you doing there, Jane?"
"Why, Pa, I'm going to dye my doll's pinafore red."
"But what have you got to dye it?"
"Beer."
"Who on earth told you that beer would dye red?"
"Why, Ma said it was beer that made your nose so red, and—"
"Here, Susan, take this child."

[illegible]ETARY INTELLIGENCE—"Spanish *Bonds*" have fallen!

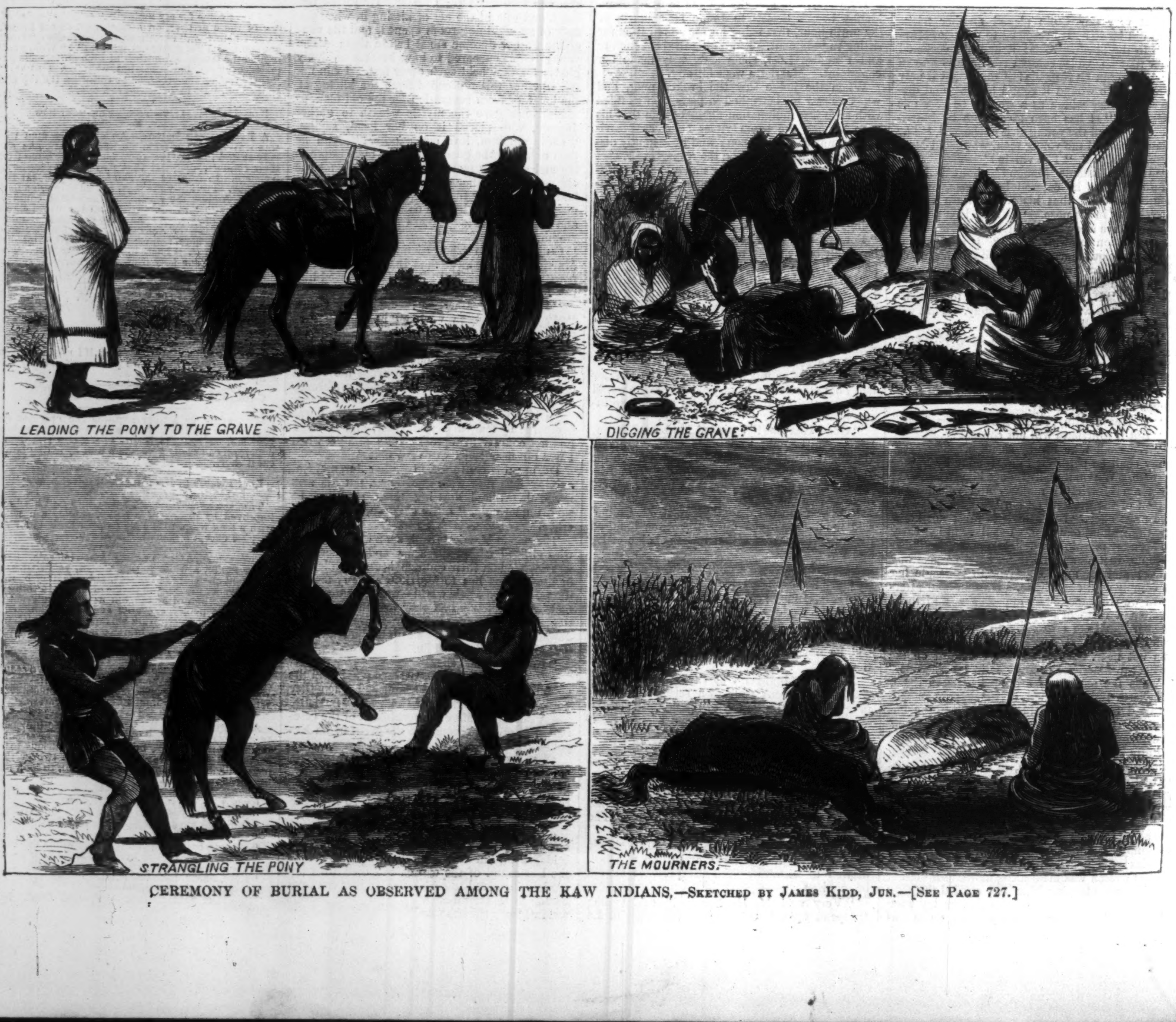
TERRIBLE EXPLOSION OF PETROLEUM ON LAKE ERIE, OCTOBER 26, 1868.—[SKETCHED BY T. T. SWEENY.]

EXPLOSION ON LAKE ERIE.

IN the explosion on board the bark *H. L. Cotton*, on the evening of October 26, we have a new illustration of the perils to which human life is exposed in navigation. This vessel cleared from the port of Cleveland for Liverpool, England. According to her manifest there were on board 1460 barrels of spirits of petroleum (or naphtha), 499 barrels of oil of petroleum, the value of which was set down at $12,428. Besides the above there were 17,500 staves and 1100 boat oars, of the value of $1610, the aggregate value of the cargo being $14,038, as made out at the Custom-house.

The crew consisted of the captain, two mates, steward, and six seamen. The captain's wife was also on board, making eleven persons in all. The vessel and cargo were valued at $50,000.

GEORGE L. DE WOLF, the captain of the



CEREMONY OF BURIAL AS OBSERVED AMONG THE KAW INDIANS.—SKETCHED BY JAMES KIDD, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

SKETCHES OF CITY LIFE—THE STREET-SWEEPERS ANSWERING TO THE INSPECTOR'S CALL-ROLL.—Sketched by Paul Franzeny.—[See Page 727.]

bark, states that he left port at twenty minutes to five o'clock, Sunday afternoon, in tow of the tug *W. D. Cushing*. About three-quarters of an hour after leaving the tug, the canvas being set, and all hands on deck cleaning up the vessel, a sudden and terrific explosion was heard. The whole deck seemed to heave. Barrels, oars, and staves were blown into the air with great force. The explosion seemed to extend the entire length of the vessel. One man was blown overboard. Every person on board was thrown into the air, some of them as high as twenty or thirty feet. The deck settled back, all out of shape. As soon as the explosion took place the flames burst out, and the vessel was soon wrapped in a sheet of fire. The sails and rigging caught immediately, and in the next moment were all burning. The small boat was got down as soon as possible, but not a moment too soon, as the flames were raging with great fury, and time was hardly given

SKETCHES OF CITY LIFE—THE RAG-PICKERS DISPOSING OF THEIR GATHERINGS.—Sketched by Paul Franzeny.—[See Page 727.]

to get all on board. Mrs. De Wolf was in the cabin at the time of the explosion. The boat then put out in search of Mr. Hearns. He was soon found; but when the boat reached him he was nearly exhausted, being badly bruised. After taking him on board the boat headed for the harbor. When about half-way into port they met the tug *Prindeville*, and were taken on board. Captain De Wolf also states that he can not account for the explosion. There was no light or fire in the stove in the forecastle, and only one light in the cabin. There were no lights above deck except such as the navigation laws compel all vessels to carry. Every thing on board was lost. The ship's papers and the clothing of the officers and crew were all destroyed by the explosion and the fire. Some of the men came ashore with scarcely any clothing on.

The scene presented by the burning vessel just after the explosion was as magnificent as it was terrible. The water was perfectly calm, reflecting the burning ship upon its surface. A light breeze inland turned the great volume of smoke over the city. The lurid flames illuminated the lake for miles around. The light was perceptible upon the fronts of houses and faces of people along the shore. The wind, shifting from point to point, by 8 o'clock was blowing a stiff breeze to the eastward, carrying the vessel before it, and leaving a line of burning oil upon the surface of the water behind.

As remarkable and miraculous as it may seem, there were no lives lost. Nearly all on board were more or less injured. Mr. Hearns, who was blown overboard, was so badly burned that he was taken to the Marine Hospital as soon as he came ashore. The steward was also burned, and had his arm severely injured. It is fortunate that the explosion did not occur in the middle of the Atlantic, where it would probably have been disastrous to the crew.

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Progress.—Columbus sailed to the American coast in a four-hundred-ton ship, and first landed upon the Island of St. Domingo. Last week a vessel from St. Domingo unloaded in New York over four hundred tons of St. Croix Rum for P. H. Drake & Co., of that city. This is but a few weeks' supply of this article, which these gentlemen use in the manufacture of the celebrated Plantation Bitters. We are informed by an exchange that Messrs. Drake & Co. have not advertised a dollar for a year, but that the sales of this article continue at the former enormous figure. In 1864 the receipts of the Plantation Bitters were equal to those of the New York and New Haven Railroad.—*Tribune*.

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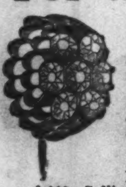

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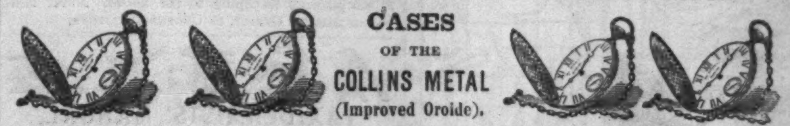

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